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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Mémoires sur la Vie Privée de Marie Antoinette, &c.
Paris 1823. Bossange & Co.

Memoirs of the Private Life of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France and Navarre; To which are added, Recollections, Sketches, and Anecdotes, illustrative of the Reigns of Louis XIV. Louis XV. and Louis XVI. By Madame Campan, First femme de Chambre to the Queen. 8vo. 2 vols. London 1823. H. Colburn & Co.

In the first of our *Literary Gazettes* for the present year, we gave an account of Madame Campan and her Memoirs, then on the eve of publication in Paris; and beg to refer the reader to our letter from that city of Dec. 18th, and of Jan. 1st in the following Number, for these details and extracts. We had just finished the perusal of the French edition, with the intention of going into a regular review of it, when the work issued from the London press in its English garb. We have now therefore both copies on our table, and can say of them, that they are of a most interesting nature, full of anecdote, and recording events either strikingly curious or deeply affecting to every description of reader.

Before entering upon those selections which must recommend Madame de Campan's narrative to great popularity, we rejoice to have an opportunity of correcting the falsehood circulated, on the pretence of her authority, against the late unhappy Marie Antoinette. So far from imputing any blame to that wretched lady on the night of the 6th October, these Memoirs distinctly exculpate her from the foul slander, and do justice to a Queen as virtuous as she was unfortunate.

The Memoirs, after a biographical notice of their author, and a preface, commence with a picture of the Court of the fifteenth Louis, admirably drawn, and replete with remarkable incident. Every page is so worthy of being selected, that we experience much difficulty in making our extracts to illustrate this most agreeable work. We quoted in our former papers the story of the rose coloured mistletoe when the princesses were under the charge of Madame de Jonlanges, a lady who was afterwards Abbess of Royal-Lieu; and Madame Campan adds—

"This excellent woman fell a victim to the revolutionary madness. She and her numerous sisters were led to the scaffold on the same day. While leaving the prison, they all chanted the *Veni Creator* upon the fatal car. When arrived at the place of punishment, they did not interrupt their strains. One head fell, and ceased to mix its voice with the celestial chorus—but the strain continued. The abbes suffered last; and her single voice, with increased tone, still raised the devout versicle. It ceased at once—it was the silence of death!"

Of Landsmath, the blunt Equerry of Louis xv., we have also already related an anecdote; the following are equally piquant:

"This same M. Landsmath, who, by his military and familiar language thus calmed the fears of Louis XIV. on the day of *Domingo*'s horrible crime, was one of those people, who, in the most haughty courts, often tell the truth bluntly. It is remarkable, that there is a person of this description to be found in almost every court, who seems to supply the place of the ancient King's jester, and to claim the right of saying whatever he pleases.

"His Majesty one day asked M. de Landsmath how old he was? He was aged, and by no means fond of thinking of his age; he evaded the question. A fortnight after, Louis xv. took a paper out of his pocket, and read aloud, 'On such a day in the month of *** one thousand six hundred and eighty *** was baptised by me, rector of *** the son of the high and mighty lord, &c. What's that?' said Landsmath, angrily; 'has your majesty been procuring the certificate of my baptism?' 'There it is, you see, Landsmath,' said the King. 'Well, Sire, hide it as fast as you can; a prince entrusted with the happiness of twenty-five millions of men, ought not to hurt the feelings of one individual at pleasure.'

"The King learned that Landsmath had lost his confessor, a missionary priest of the parish of Notre Dame; it was the custom of the Lazarists, to expose their dead, with the face uncovered. Louis xv. wished to try his equerry's firmness. 'You have lost your confessor, I hear,' said the King. 'Yes, Sire.'—'Will he expose with his face you to go and see him?'—'Sire, my confessor was my friend; it would be very painful to me.'—'No matter; I command you.'—'Are you really in earnest, Sire?'—'Quite so.'—It would be the first time in my life that I had disobeyed my sovereign's order. I will go. The next day, the King, at his levee, as soon as he perceived Landsmath, said: 'Have you done as I desired you, Landsmath?'—'Undoubtedly, Sire.'—'Well, what did you see?'—Faith, I saw that your majesty and I are no great things!'"

The following also belong to the period of Louis xv.

"Three young men of the college of St. Ger-

" The King often talked about death, burials, and cemeteries," says madame de Haussent; "nobody could be more melancholy by nature. Madame de Pompadour has often told me, that he felt a painful sensation whenever he was forced to laugh, and that he often requested her to put an end to a diverting story. He smiled, and that was all. He had, in general, the most gloomy ideas on all events. When a new minister came into office, the King would say, 'He spread out his goods, like the rest, and promised the finest things in the world, none of which will ever happen. He does not know how the land lies; he will see.' When schemes for increasing the naval force were proposed to him, he used to say, 'I have heard it talked of continually, for the last twenty years; France will never have a navy, I believe.' I had this from M. de Margny.—Note by the Editor."

main, who had just completed their course of studies, knowing no person about the court, and having heard that strangers were always well treated there, resolved to dress themselves completely in the Armenian costume, and, thus clad, to present themselves to see the grand ceremony of the reception of several knights of the order of the Holy Ghost. Their stratagem met with all the success with which they had flattered themselves. While the procession was passing through the long mirror gallery, the Swiss of the apartments placed them in the first row of spectators, recommending every one to pay all possible attention to the strangers. The latter, however, were imprudent enough to enter the bull's eye, where were Messieurs Cardonne and Ruffin, interpreters of oriental languages, and the first clerk of the consuls' department, whose business it was to attend to every thing which related to the natives of the east, who were in France. The three scholars were immediately surrounded and questioned by these gentlemen; at first in modern Greek. Without being disconcerted, they made signs that they did not understand it. They were then addressed in Turkish and Arabic: at length, one of the interpreters, losing all patience, exclaimed, 'Gentlemen, you certainly must understand some of the languages in which you have been addressed, what country can you possibly come from, then?' 'From St. Germain-en-Laye, Sir,' replied the boldest amongst them; 'this is the first time you have put the question to us in French.' They then confessed the motive of their disguise; the eldest of them was not more than eighteen years of age. Louis xv. was informed of the affair. He laughed heartily; ordered them a few hours' confinement, and a good admonition; after which they were to be set at liberty.

"Louis xv. liked to talk about death, though he was extremely apprehensive of it; but his excellent health and his royal dignity probably made him imagine himself invulnerable; he often said to people, who had very bad colds, 'You've a church-yard cough there.' Hunting one day in the forest of Senard, in a year in which bread was extremely dear, he met a man on horseback, carrying a coffin. 'Whither are you carrying that coffin?'—'To the village of ——,' answered the peasant. 'Is it for a man or a woman?'—'For a man.'—'What did he die of?'—'Of hunger,' bluntly replied the villager. The King spurred his horse, and asked no more questions.

"Count d'Halville, sprung from a very ancient Swiss house, commenced his career at Versailles in the humble ranks of ensign in the regiment of Swiss guards. His name and distinguished qualities gained him the patronage of some powerful friends, who, in order to support the honour of the ancient name he bore, by a handsome fortune, obtained for him in marriage the daughter of a very rich financier, named M. de la Garde. The offspring of this union was an only daughter,

who married count Esterhazy. Amongst the estates which belonged to mademoiselle de la Garde, was the chateau des Trônes, situate four leagues from Versailles, where the count was visited by many people attached to the court. A young ensign of the body guards, who had obtained that rank on account of his name, and of the favour which his family enjoyed, and possessed all the confidence which usually accompanies unmerited success, but of which the progress of time fortunately relieves young people, was one day taking upon him to give his opinion of the Swiss nobility, although he knew nothing of the great families of Switzerland. Without the least delicacy or consideration for the count, his host, he asserted boldly that there were no ancient families in Switzerland. ‘Excuse me,’ said the count, very coolly; ‘there are several of great antiquity.’ ‘Can you name them, Sir?’ answered the youth. ‘Yes,’ said M. de Halville; ‘for instance, there is my house, and that of Hapsburg, which now reigns in Germany.’ ‘Of course you have your reasons for naming your own family first?’ replied the imprudent ensign. ‘Yes, Sir,’ said M. de Halville, sternly; ‘because the house of Hapsburg dates from the period when its founder was page to my ancestors. Read history, study the antiquities of nations and families; and, in future, be more circumspect in your assertions.’

‘Weak as Louis xv. was, the parliaments would never have obtained his consent to the convocation of the States-general. I heard an anecdote on this subject from two officers attached to that prince’s household. It was at the period when the remonstrances of the parliaments, and the refusals to register the decrees for levying taxes, produced alarm with respect to the state of the finances. This became the subject of conversation one evening at the *couché* of Louis xv.; ‘You will see, Sir,’ said a courtier, whose office placed him in close communication with the King, ‘that all this will make it absolutely necessary to assemble the States-general.’ The King, roused by this speech from the habitual apathy of his character, seized the courtier by the arm, and said to him, in a *passion*. ‘Never repeat those words: I am not sanguinary; but had I a brother, and he were to dare to give me such advice, I would sacrifice him, within twenty-four hours, to the duration of the monarchy, and the tranquillity of the kingdom.’’

We shall content ourselves with continuing these anecdotes, and make this Number a vehicle only for a miscellany of that character.

It appeared at this period as if every feeling of dignity was lost. ‘Few noblemen of the French court,’ says a writer of the time, ‘preserved themselves from the general corruption. The marshal de Brissac was one of the latter. He was bantered on the strictness of his principles of honour and honesty; it was thought strange that he should be offended at being thought, like so many others, exposed to hypocrisie disgrace. Louis xv. who was present, and laughed at his anger, said to him, ‘Come, M. de Brissac, don’t be angry; it’s but a trifling evil; take courage.’ ‘Sir,’ replied M. de Brissac, ‘I possess all kinds of courage, except that which can brave shame.’’

At the courts of Louis xv. and xvi., he was a model of the virtue, gallantry, and courage of the ancient knights. Comte de Charlais, finding him one day with his mis-

tress, said to him abruptly, ‘Go out, Sir.’ ‘My lord,’ replied the duke de Brissac, with emphasis, ‘your ancestors would have said, Come out.’

The Archduke Maximilian visited Paris in 1775, and we are told,

“The archduke’s visit was, in every point of view, a misadventure. He did nothing but commit blunders: he went to the King’s garden; M. de Buffon, who received him there, presented him with a copy of his works; the prince declined accepting the book, saying to M. de Buffon, in the most polite manner possible, ‘I should be very sorry to deprive you of it.’ It may be supposed that the Parisians were much entertained with this answer.”

“The coronation took place at Rheims, with all the accustomed pomp. At this period, Louis xvi. experienced that which can, and should, most powerfully affect the heart of a virtuous sovereign. The people’s love for him burst forth in those unanimous transports, which are clearly distinguishable from the impulse of curiosity, or the cries of party. He replied to this enthusiasm, by marks of confidence, worthy of a people, happy in being under the government of a good king; he took a pleasure in repeatedly walking without guards, in the midst of the crowd which pressed around him, and called down blessings on his head. I remarked the impression made at this time, by an observation of Louis xvi. On the day of his coronation, in the middle of the choir of the cathedral at Rheims, he put his hand up to his head, at the moment of the crown being placed upon it, and said, ‘It pinches me.’ Henry III. had exclaimed, ‘It pricks me.’ Those who were near the King, were struck with the similitude between these two exclamations, though it will not be imagined, that such us had the honour of being near the young monarch on that day, were of the class which may be blinded by the supererogatory fears of ignorance.”

“M. de Vaudreuil was passionately fond of the arts and of literature: he preferred encouraging them as an amateur, rather than as a man of consequence. He gave a dinner every week to a party consisting only of literary characters and artists. The evening was spent in a saloon furnished with musical instruments, pencils, colours, brushes, and pens; and every one composed, or painted, or wrote, according to his taste or genius. M. de Vaudreuil himself pursued several of the fine arts. His voice was very pleasing, and he was a good musician. These accomplishments made him sought after, from his earliest entrance into society. The first time he visited madame la Marchale de Luxembourg, that lady said to him, after supper: ‘I am told, Sir, that you sing very well. I should be delighted to hear you. But if you do oblige me so far, pray do not sing any fine piece—no cantata—but some street ballad—just a mere street song. I like a natural style—something lively—something cheerful.’ M. de Vaudreuil begged leave to sing a street ballad then much in vogue. He did not know that madame la Marchale de Luxembourg was, before her widowhood, countess de Boufflers. He sang out with a full and sonorous voice the first line of the couplet, beginning, ‘When Boufflers was first seen at court.’ The company immediately began coughing, spitting, and sneezing. M. de Vaudreuil went on. ‘Venus’ self shone less beauteous than she did.—The

noise and confusion increased. But after the third line, ‘To please her all eagerly sought,’ —M. de Vaudreuil perceiving that all eyes were fixed upon him, paused. ‘Pray go on, sir,’ said madame la Marchale, singing the last line herself: ‘And too well in his turn each succeeded.’ M. de Besenval’s remarks respecting madame de Luxembourg render the anecdote plausible. But, perhaps, in such a delicate dilemma, she may be considered as having given a proof of presence of mind, rather than of impudence.”

“Modesty was not one of Gluck’s virtues. Madame de Genlis, in her Souvenirs, says, that he spoke of Piccini judiciously and plainly. ‘One cannot help feeling,’ adds she, ‘that he is equitable without ostentation. However, he said yesterday, that if Piccini’s Roland succeeds, *he will do it over again*. This remark is striking, but it is of a nature that will never please me. It is so much more a proof of feeling, to speak always with diffidence!”

“Gluck often had to deal with self-sufficiency, at least equal to his own. He was very reluctant to introduce long ballets into Iphigenia. Vestris deeply regretted that the opera was not terminated by a *chaconne*, in which that god of dance might display all his power. He complained to Gluck about it. Gluck, who treated his art just as it deserves, would make no other reply, than that, in so interesting a subject, capering and dancing would be misplaced. Being pressed another time by Vestris, on the same subject, ‘A *chaconne!* a *chaconne!*’ roared out the enraged musician, ‘we must describe the Greeks; and had the Greeks *chaconnes*? ‘What! had they not?’ returned the astonished dancer; ‘faith then, so much the worse for them!’”

We close with a detail of considerable literary as well as political interest:

“The duke de Lauzun (since duke de Biron) who made himself conspicuous in the revolution, among the associates of the duke d’Orléans, has left behind him some manuscript memoirs, in which he insults the name of Marie Antoinette. He relates one anecdote respecting a heron’s plume. The following is the true history of the matter.

“The duke de Lauzun had a good deal of original wit, and something chivalrous in his manners. The Queen was accustomed to see him at the King’s suppers, and at the house of the princess de Guéménée: and always shewed him attention. One day he made his appearance at Madame de Guéménée’s in uniform, and with the most magnificent plume of white heron’s feathers that it was possible to behold. The Queen admired the plume, and he offered it to her through the princess de Guéménée. As he wore it, the Queen had not imagined that he could think of giving it to her; much embarrassed with the present which she had, as it were, drawn upon herself, she did not dare to refuse it, nor did she know whether she ought to make one in return; afraid, if she did give any thing, of giving either too much or too little, she consoled herself with wearing the plume once, and letting M. de Lauzun see her adorned with the present he had made her. In his secret memoirs the duke attaches importance to his present of the *aligrette*, which proves him utterly unworthy of an honour accorded only to his name and rank.

“His vanity magnified the value of the favour done him. A short time after the present of the heron plume, he solicited an

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audience; the Queen granted it, as she would have done to any other nobleman of equal rank. I was in the room adjoining that in which he was received; a few minutes after his arrival, the Queen opened the door, and said aloud, and in an angry tone of voice, 'Go, sir.' M. de Lanzun bowed low, and withdrew. The Queen was much agitated. She said to me: 'That man shall never again come within my doors.' A few years before the revolution of 1789, the marshal de Biron died. The duke de Lauzun, heir to his name, aspired to the important post of colonel of the regiment of French guards. The Queen, however, procured it for the duke du Châtellier: such is often the origin of the most implacable hatred. The duke de Biron espoused the cause of the duke d'Orléans, and became one of the most violent enemies of Marie Antoinette."

Essay on Petrarch. By Ugo Foscolo. 8vo. pp. 325. London 1823. J. Murray.

So long ago as the summer of 1821 (in Nos. 232 and 236 of the *Literary Gazette*), when only sixteen privately printed copies of M. Foscolo's Essays were in existence, we were enabled to give an account of the work, and gratify literary curiosity respecting it, by several columns of extracts. To these papers we beg leave to refer for the exemplification of several of the Essays ("On the Love of Petrarch"; "On the Poetry of Petrarch"; "On the Character [Habits] of Petrarch"; "Parallel between Dante and Petrarch") and shall proceed to lay before our readers a concise description of the volume, as it now appears, with examples of its new matter. Besides the four essays above ennumerated, and six papers in the appendix,* there are specimens of translations from Petrarch, by Barbara Lady Dacre, to whom this publication is dedicated with a well-merited eulogy.

M. Foscolo is a very enthusiastic Petrarchist; and even if we did not go all the length with him in his various views, we must still admire their acuteness and originality, as well as the copious store of reading which he has brought to illustrate them, not only from his own native tongue, the Italian, but from Greek, Latin, French,† and English authors. From the *Essay on the Poetry of Petrarch*, we quote two interesting passages.

"The more discoveries Petrarch made of the works of the ancients, the more competent he became to judge of their excellence; and so deeply he felt their superiority, that those Latin poems in which for so many years he had reposed all his hopes of glory, caused him in the end an inward mortification, which the applauses of the world only served to betray. On hearing some lines of the *Africa* repeated at Verona, Petrarch burst into tears of shame. The copies circulated after his death could not have been taken from the manuscript which he had prepared, but which he had not the courage to

* Namely—1. Specimens of Petrarch's Latin Poetry. 2. Specimens of Greek Amatory Poetry, from Sappho down to the Writers of the Lower Empire. 3. A Theory of Platonic Love, by Lorenzo de Medici. 4. Comparative Description of Woman's Beauty according to Platonic Ideas, by the early Italian Poets. 5. Petrarch's Unpublished Letters, in Italian. 6. A Letter, in Latin, of Dante's, lately discovered. See *Lit. Gaz.* for 1821, page 408.

† Petrarch himself hated the French, whom he calls "enervated madmen."

publish, and soon after threw into the fire.—Seldom has a father felt more agony in placing the corpse of his only son on the pile, than I have felt in destroying all my labours: think on it, and you will hardly refrain from tears.' His several eclogues and elegies, and his treatises—*On his own Ignorance and that of many others*—*On Memorable Events*, particularly of his own time—*On Remedies for Prosperity and Misery*—*On the Administration of a Commonwealth*—*On the Duties of a Commander of Armies*—*An Itinerary through Syria*—an unfinished series of *Lives of Illustrious Romans from Romulus to Titus*—*Apologies and Invectives* against his adversaries—all these, besides some others that remain still inedited, are probably the lesser portion of his Latin volumes. Whilst he was composing, he fancied himself the Achilles, and when he was revising, the Thersites, of authors; and often, when the death of his friends impressed him more deeply with the vanity of life, he burned his writings. The only one for which he continued to have a constant predilection was his book, *On Solitude*, which he called *Liber maximus rerum meorum*. He added another, *On the Peaceable Life of Monks*, which he addressed to his younger brother Gerardo, who having experienced all the joys and disappointments of youth, retired, after the death of a beloved mistress, to end his days in a Carthusian monastery—'My brother and myself,' Petrarch exclaimed after Laura's death, 'were fettered alike. Thy hand, O my God! hath burst our chains asunder: bat are we both delivered? He, indeed, hath escaped.' It was then that he destroyed many letters in which he entertained his intimate friends about Laura: but being aware that others were preserved and copied, he collected a great number of them, foreseeing, perhaps, that they would ultimately preserve his Latin writings from neglect.

"In the numerous letters written by Petrarch towards the decline of life, and arranged by him under the title of *Epistles Seniles*, the old solitary man, while conversing with his most intimate friends, intended to be heard by the world. They are full of pathos and wisdom; of pedantry and eloquence; of christian self-denial and puerile self-complacency; and there is a continual struggle between his natural frankness and the caution of age. However, his correspondents were indebted to him for a profusion of quotations, which, in the scarcity of books in that age, made them acquainted with many passages of classical writers. Possibly they indulged, almost as much as we do, in gossiping about all the concerns, great and small, public and personal, historical and fabulous, of their celebrated contemporaries; but editors of monthly and quarterly publications, of daily newspapers, and of biographical dictionaries of the dead and the living, had not as yet either the professional inducements or the means to penetrate into the privacy of domestic retirement. Petrarch, allured by the idea that his celebrity would magnify into importance all the ordinary occurrences of his life, satisfied the curiosity both of his friends and foes by seriously telling them, how

He did all natural functions of a man,

Até, drank, and slept, and put his raiment on—which has afforded this advantage at any rate, that our information is not apocryphal, and that we possess the materials for the most interesting of histories—the history of the mind of a man of genius,—but he still

requires, what he has never yet had—the good fortune to find, a man of genius for his historian. In Petrarch's letters, as well as in his poems and treatises, we always identify the author with the man who felt himself irresistibly impelled to develop his own intense feelings. Being endowed with almost all the noble, and with some of the pauper passions of our nature, and having never attempted to conceal them, he awakens us to reflection upon ourselves, while we contemplate in him a being of our own species, yet different from every other, and whose originality excites even more sympathy than admiration.

The *Essay* on the poet's character possesses extreme interest, and we could almost repeat our extracts from that paper. But to avoid such waste, we will endeavour to class together a few detached periods calculated to throw light upon the life of this extraordinary man.

"It was Petrarch chiefly who familiarized his fellow-citizens with the personages of ancient Italy, and the people were naturally disposed to consider him as one of the number. They uttered his name with adoration: artisans prepared their houses to receive him when he travelled through the country, and he preferred them to the palaces of the great. Princes and magistrates, followed by courtiers and crowds of citizens, went forth to meet him at the gates of their towns. Indiscreet travellers of every nation, with the indiscrete importunity of the genus, anxious to smooth the way to his acquaintance, sent him magnificent presents, of which he proudly complains:

"He was led in the fearlessness of youth to spend for the benefit of others, nearly all of the scanty inheritance he derived from parents who died in exile. He bestowed one part as a dowry on his sister, who married at Florence,* and gave up the other to two deserving friends, who were in indigent circumstances. He lent even some classic manuscripts, which he called his only treasures, to his old master, that he might pawn them: in this manner Cicero's books *De Gloria* were irrecoverably lost. If his presents were declined, he attached some verses to them which compelled his friends to accept them; and he distributed his Italian poetry as alms amongst rhymesters and ballad-singers. As he advanced in years, the 'sovereign contempt for riches' which he continued to profess, was more apparent than real, especially towards the end of his career: yet he never forgot those who looked to him for aid, which he always bestowed with kindness. Among the many legacies of his testament, he left to one of his friends his lute, that he might sing the praises of the Almighty—to a domestic, a sum of money, instructing him not to lose it at play as usual—to his amanuensis, a silver goblet, recommending him to fill it with water in preference to wine—and to Boccacio, a winter pelisse, for his nocturnal studies.

"The last time he resided at it (Vaucluse) two years, he writes—'I am again in France, not to see what I have already seen a thousand times, but to dissipate weariness and disquietude, as invalids seek to do, by change of place.—Thus I have no place to remain in, none to go to: I am weary of life; and

* Leonardo Aretino, *Vit. Petr.*—From a document lately discovered at Florence, it appears that the dowry of Petrarch's sister consisted of 35 florins in gold.

whatever path I take, I find it strewed with flints and thorns. In good truth, the spot which I seek has no existence upon earth: would that the time were come, when I might depart in search of a world far different from this wherein I feel so unhappy—unhappy, perhaps, from my own fault; perhaps from that of mankind; or it may be only the fault of the age in which I am destined to live; or it may be the fault of no one—still I am unhappy. - - -

" From reflecting upon the mournful events which so closely preceded and followed the loss of the woman from whom alone he had long expected his happiness, his hopes were wholly turned to a future existence. Pursuing a plan of wisdom, which was unsuited to his restless mind, he conceived—that, to cure all his miseries, he must study them night and day—that to accomplish this project effectually, he must renounce all other desires—and that the only means of arriving at a total forgetfulness of life, was to reflect perpetually on death.' The power of executing his resolutions was not equal to his ardour in planning them, and his faculties were exhausted by conflicting impulses. After he had accustomed himself to look on death without dread, it again appeared to him under fearful forms. He was seized with sudden lethargies, which rendered him absolutely insensible; and for the space of thirty hours, his body appeared like a corpse. When he revived, he testified, that he had experienced neither terror nor pain. But, by his intemperate meditation on eternity as a Christian and as a philosopher, he provoked Nature to withhold the boon, which she had designed for him, of dying in peace. 'I lay myself in my bed as in my shroud—suddenly I start up in a frenzy—I speak to myself—I dissolve in tears, so as to make those weep who witness my condition.'—Whatever he saw or heard in these paroxysms of grief, made him experience 'the torments of hell.' By degrees he found delight in nourishing his sorrows, and resigned himself during the rest of his life to those reveries which beset ardent minds, and make them ever regret the past, and ever repent; ever grow weary of the present, and either hope or fear too much from the future. Four years before his death, Petrarch built a new house at Arqua, near Padua; and on the twentieth day of July, 1374, the eve of the seventieth anniversary of his birth, he was found dead in his library, with his head resting on a book."

We now approach the Appendix, whence our selections must also be miscellaneous. The following translation of the Death of Mago, from Lib. vi. of Petrarch's *Africa*, is from the pen of Lord Byron:

The Carthaginian rose—and when he found
The increasing anguish of his mortal wound
All hope forbid—with difficult, slow breath
He thus address'd the coming hour of death—

" Farewell to all my longings after fame!
Cursed love of power, are such thine end and aim
Oh, blind to all that might have made thy bliss,
And mus ambition's frenzy come to this?
From height to height aspiring still to rise,
Man stands rejoicing on the precipice,
Nor sees the innumerable storms that wait
To level all the projects of the great.
Oh, trembling pinnacle of power on earth!
Deceitful hopes! and glory blazon'd forth
With false, fictitious blandishments! Oh, life
Of doubt and danger, and perpetual strife [woe
With death! And, thou! worse than this night of

That comest to all, but ah! when none can know,
Hour singled from all years! why must man bear
A lot so sad? The tribes of earth and air.
No thoughts of future ill in life molest,
And when they die, sleep on, and take their rest;
But man in restless dreams spends all his years,
And shortens life with death's encroaching fears.
Oh, thou, whose cold hand tears the veil from error,
Whose hollow eye is our delusion's mirror!
Death, life's chief blessing! At this hour of fate,
Wretch that I am! I see my faults too late.
Perils ill-sought, and crimes ill worth the price,
Pass on in dire review before my eyes;
Yer, thing of dust, and on the verge of night,
Man dares to climb the stars, and on the height
Of heaven his owl-vision dares to bend
From that low earth, where all his hopes descend.
What then avails me in this trying hour,
Or thee, my Italy, this arm of power?
Why did I bid the torch of ravage flame?
Ah! why as with a trumpet's tongue proclaim
The rights of man? confounding wrong and right,
And plunging nations in a deeper night?

Why did I raise of marble to the skies
A gorgeous palace? Vain and empty prize!
When with it lost my air-built dreams must lie
Gulph'd in the Ocean of eternity.

My dearest brother, ah! remember me,
And let my fate avert the like from thee."

He said, and now, its mortal bondage riven,
His spirit fled, and from its higher heaven lay,
Of space look'd down where Rome and Carthage
Thrice blest in having died before the day
Whose wing of havoc swept his race away,
And had not saved by valour vainly shewn
His country's woes, his brother's, and his own.

The essence of Lorenzo de' Medici's Theory
of Love may be gathered from two sentences.

" Whoever seeks for the true definition of
love, discovers it to be only—a desire of the
beautiful. - - -

" The conditions which appear necessarily
to belong to a true, exalted, and worthy love,
are two: First, *To love but one*—Second, *To
love this one always*. Not many lovers have
hearts so generous as to be capable of ful-
filling these two conditions; and exceedingly
few women display sufficient attractiveness to
withhold men from the violation of them;
yet without these there is no true love. For
in addition to natural charms, there must be
found in the person beloved, talent, accom-
plishments, propriety of behaviour, elegant
manners, a graceful presence, suavity of
speech, good sense, love, constancy, and
fidelity."

Lady Dacre's translations of the *Caizonnes*
are beautiful, and preserve with surprising
fidelity the character, metre, and feeling of
the original: to these, however, the length
of this review compels us to be satisfied with
a reference. The Sonnets *Se lamentar angelli*,
and *Gli occhi di oho parlai à caldamente*, will
display the noble poetess's excellence.

If the lorn bird complain, or rustling sweep
Soft summer airs o'er foliage waving slow,
Or the hoarse brook come murmuring down the
Where on the enamel'd bank I sit below [steep,
With thoughts of love that bid my numbers flow;
'Tis then I see her, though in earth she sleep!
Her, form'd in Heaven! I see, and hear, and
Responsive sighing, weeping as I weep: [know!
" Alas!" she pitying says, " ere yet the hour,
Why hurry life away with swifter flight?
Why from thy eyes this flood of sorrow pour?
No longer mourn my fate! through death my days
Become eternal! to eternal light [raise!"]
These eyes which seem'd in darkness closed, I

The eyes, the face, the limbs of heavenly mould,
So long the theme of my empulsion'd lay,
Charms which so stole me from myself away,
That strange to other men the course I hold:
The crisped locks of pure and lucid gold,
The lightning of the angelic smile, whose ray
To earth could all of Paradise convey;
A little dust are now!—to feeling cold!
And yet I live!—but that I live bewail,
Sunk the loved light that through the tempest led
My shatter'd bark, bereft of mast and sail:
Hush'd be the song that breathed love's purest fire!

Lost is the theme on which my fancy fed,
And turned to mourning my once tuneful lyre.

With these quotations we take leave of a
volume in which we have felt greater interest
than in any work of the kind which has
come under our cognizance since our Gazette
commenced; being on a favourite nor yet
exhausted subject, eminently literary, and
treated with much talent.

Relics of Literature. By Stephen Collet, A. M.
8vo. pp. 400. London 1823. T. Boys.

The public is indebted to Mr. Boys for several well got up and pleasing works of a similar description to the present. The *Percy Anecdotes*, though stretched by success a little beyond the convenient limit, * have been very popular; and there are a number of amusing things in this new collection, hardly with propriety called 'Relics' of Literature, to recommend it to like favour. Such books require little of the Reviewers' labours; their editors being the pioneers who dig for readers, and leave nothing for those who follow but to say how they have done their work, and look out specimens of their workmanship. Among materials so various, it may readily be supposed that there are articles of an inferior, of a common, and of a better quality; some scarcely worth preserving, some with too little of novelty, and some of considerable rarity and value. Such is the case; and the union of the whole is, as we have stated, very agreeable and entertaining. An appropriate frontispiece contains fac-similes of Royal signatures, from Henry VIII. to George IV., as well as those of several distinguished persons; and an advertisement defines the author's pretensions as a collector of motley from published books, a collator of MSS., or an original writer. For ourselves we have to notice, that we do not meet much with which we had not previously some acquaintance; but our examples shall endeavour to avoid the topics most generally familiar:

" *The Penniless Parliament of Threadbare Poets; or, the Merry Fortune-Teller*, wherein all persons of the *jou* several complections may find their Fortunes: composed by Doctor Merrymann; not only to purge melancholy, but also to procureittering and laughing. Full of witty mirth, and delightfull recreation for the content of the Reader. London, printed for John Wright, at the King's Head in the Old Bayley—1649.'

" This curious black letter tract, which is somewhat rare, is a very happy satire on the vices and follies of mankind, not only during the period in which it was written, but in all ages and countries. The author appears to have deeply studied man to know all his

* The next Number is announced to finish these pretty and entertaining little volumes.

+ On which, by the by, there is a very indifferent paper by the Editor, aiming at humour and falling egregiously.

faults. The following are a few detached passages from the work :

" First of all, for the increase of every foole in his humour, we think it necessary and convenient that all such as doe buy this booke, and laugh not at it before they have read it over, shall be condemned of melancholy, and be adjudged to walk over Moore-fields twice a weeke in a foute shirt, but no stockings at all on.

" It is also ordered and agreed upon, that such as are cholericke, shall never want woe and sorrow; and they that lacke money, may fast upon Fridayes by the statute; and it shall be lawfull for them that want shoes, to ware boots all the yeare; and he that hath never a cloak, may, without offence, put on his best gowne at Midsummer.

" Likewise, we mark all brokers to be knaves by letters patent; and usurers, for five marks a-piece, shall lawfully be buried in the chancell, though they have bequeathed their soules and bodies to the devil.

" Furthermore, it shall bee lawfull for footstooles (by the helpe of women's hands) to flye about without wings, and poore men shall be accounted knaves without occasions; and those that flatter least shall speed worst.

" It shall be lawfull for some to haue the paine in their teeth, in such sort, as they shall eate more than ever they will be able to pay for.

" Some shall haue such a megram in their eyes, as they shall hardly know another man's wife from their own.

" Some shall haue such a stopping in their hearts, as they shall be utterly obstinate to receive grace.

" Some sort of people shall haue such a buzzing in their eares, as they shall be enemies to good counsel.

" Some such there be that haue a sent or smell in their noses, as no feast shall escape without their companies; and some shall be so needy, as neither young heires shall get their oune nor poore orphans their patrimony.

" Also, it is enacted and decreed, that some shall be so humourous in their walks, as they cannot step one foot from a foole.

" Some so disguised in purse, as they count it fatal to haue one penny to buy their dinners on Sundays; some so burdened in conscience, as they count wrong dealing the best badge of their occupation.

" Sycophants by the statute shall haue great gifts, and good and godly labours shall scarce be worth thanks; it is also thought necessary that maides about midnight shall see wondrous visions, to the great heartgrief of their mothers.

" And it is furthermore established and agreed upon, that they that drinke too much Spanish sacke, shall, about July, be served with a *fieri facies*.¹

There are some curious letters of the celebrated Earl of Rochester; but as we cannot quote the series, we prefer one to that nobleman from the as celebrated Duke of Buckingham. It is a strange composition.

" My Lord,—As persons, inclined to corroborate the intantions of other men, are ever more incumbent to a voluminous ubiquity, than any way condescending to a just median, see all true lovers of art doe naturally prefer the cimetry of resolutions before the coruscations of any concatenations whatsoever; and the reason of this is plaine, because else all vocal determinations would be frustrated, and then (as Aristotle observes very well) noe man could properly say, con-

summum est. The meaning of this simile is, that, if your lordship will give me leave, I shall immediately waite upon you with the best pack of hounds that ever ran upon English ground. I had done it sooner, but that I stayed for my lord Dorset's and Mr. Sheepheard's company; but they having both failed me, and not knowing how long your occasions will give you leave to stay in the country, I thought fit to know of your lordship, by this bearer, whether it would not be inconvenient to you at this time to receive a visit from,

" My Lord,

" Your lordship's most humble

" and most obedient Servant,
" Clifden, Oct. 8, 1677. BUCKINGHAM."

Our next extracts are of a different kind :

" *Steganography.*—The art of secret writing, or writing in cypher, was, according to Polybius, invented by Aeneas, the author of a Treatise on Tactics, and other works : he produced twenty methods of writing in cypher, which no person could unfold, but we doubt much whether they would preserve this quality at the present day. The article *Cypher*, in Rees' Cyclopaedia, by Mr. Blair, the surgeon, is an admirable treatise on the subject; but at the present day, the art has become extremely difficult. Sir Sidney Smith, it is said, never failed in an attempt to decipher anything that came under his eye, whether the language were Turkish, Arabic, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, or English : of this, a remarkable instance occurred when commanding in Egypt. A letter was sent to him in Arabic, to be forwarded, requesting him first to read it: he did so, and simply returned it to the pacha, who had written it with the key, adding, that if he wished to transmit secrets in future, he would do well to observe two things; the first, to be sure they were sufficiently concealed, and the next, to confide them to other hands. Report adds, that the pacha, ashamed of having been discovered, observed a conduct more correspondent with that loyalty and honour, of which our illustrious countryman had given him so delicate an example.

" It is not less strange than true, that this art, so important in diplomacy, as long as couriers are liable to be intercepted, was held in abhorrence by the elector Frederic the Second, who considered it as a diabolical invention. Tritheimius, abbot of Spanheim, had composed several works to revive this branch of knowledge; and Boville, an ignorant mathematician, being unable to comprehend the extraordinary terms he made use of to explain his method, published that the work was full of diabolical mysteries. Poissevin repeated the assertion; and Frederic, in a holy zeal, ordered the original work of Tritheimius, which he had in his library, to be burnt, as the invention of the devil.

" *Burnet's History.*—In the Lansdown Library, there is a copy of ' Burnet's History of his own Times,' filled with remarks on the margin in the hand-writing of Swift. They are, as may be supposed, distinguished by great acuteness and wit, and not without some portion of coarseness and malevolence. Burnet appears to have been no favourite with the dean. We select a few specimens.

" Preface, p. 3. *Burnet.* 'Indeed, the peevishness, the ill-nature, and the ambition of many clergymen, have sharpened my spirits perhaps too much against them; so I warn my readers to take all that I say on those

heads with some grains of allowance.'—Swift. 'I will take his warning.'

" P. 28. *Burnet.* 'The earl of Argyle was a more solemn sort of man, grave and sober, and free of all scandalous vices.'—Swift. 'As a man is free of a corporation, he means.'

" P. 40. *Burnet.* 'I will not enter farther into the military part; for I remember an advice of Marshal Schomberg, never to meddle in military matters. His observation was, "Some affected to relate those affairs in all the terms of war, in which they committed great errors, that exposed them to the scorn of all commanders, who must despise relations that pretend to exactness, when there were blunders in every part of them."—Swift. 'Very foolish advice, for soldiers cannot write.'

" P. 5. *Burnet.* 'Upon the king's death, the Scots proclaimed his son king, and sent over Sir George Wincan, that married my great aunt, to treat with him while he was in the Isle of Jersey.'—Swift. 'Was that the reason why he was sent?'

" P. 63. *Burnet.* (Speaking of the Scotch preachers in the time of the civil wars.) 'The crowds were far beyond the capacity of their churches or the reach of their voices.'—Swift. 'And the preaching beyond the capacity of the crowd. I believe the church had as much capacity as the minister.'

" P. 163. *Burnet.* (Speaking of *Paradise Lost*.) 'It was esteemed the *beautifullest* and *perfectest* poem that ever was writ, at least in our language.'—Swift. 'A mistake! for it is in English.'

" P. 189. *Burnet.* 'Patrick was esteemed a great preacher, * but a little too severe against those who differed from him.—He became afterwards more moderate.'—Swift. 'Yes, for he turned a rank whig.'

" P. 263. *Burnet.* 'And yet, after all, he (K. Charles II.) never treated her (Nell Gwyn) with the *decesses* of a mistress.'—Swift. 'Pray what *decesses* are those?'

" P. 327. *Burnet.* 'It seems, the French made no great account of their prisoners, for they released 25,000 Dutch for 50,000 crowns.'—Swift. 'What! ten shillings a-piece! By my much too dear for a Dutchman.'

" P. 483. *Burnet.* 'I laid open the cruelties of the church of Rome in queen Mary's time, which were not then known; and I aggravated, though *very truly*, the danger of falling under the power of that religion.'—Swift. 'A BULL!'

" P. 525. *Burnet.* 'Home was convicted on the credit of one evidence.—Applications, 'tis true, were made to the duke of York for saving his life: but he was not born under a pardoning planet.'—Swift. 'Silly fop!'

" P. 586. *Burnet.* 'Baille suffered several hardships and fines, for being supposed to be in the Rye-house plot; yet during this he seemed so composed, and ever so cheerful, that his behaviour looked like the revival of the spirit of the noblest Greeks and Romans.'—Swift. 'Take notice, he was our cousin.'

" P. 727. *Burnet.* 'I come now to the year 1688, which proved memorable, and produced an extraordinary and unheard of revolution.'—Swift. 'The devil's in that! Sure all Europe heard of it.'

" P. 752. *Burnet.* (Doubting the legitimacy of the pretender, and describing the queen's manner of lying-in.) 'All this while the queen lay in bed; and in order, to the warming one side of it, a warming-pan was brought; but it was not opened, that it might be seen

whether there was any fire in it.'—*Swift.* 'This, the ladies say, is very foolish.'

"P. 799. *Burnet.* 'When I had the first account of king James's flight, I was affected with this dismal reverse of fortune in a great prince, more than I think fit to express.'—*Swift.* 'Or than I will believe.'

"P. 816. *Burnet.* 'It was proposed that the birth of the pretended prince might be enquired into, and I was ordered to gather together all the presumptive proofs that were formerly mentioned: it is true these did not amount to a full and legal proof; yet they seemed to be such violent presumptions, that when they were all laid together, they were more convincing than plain and downright evidence, for that was liable to the suspicion of subversion, whereas the others seemed to carry on them very convincing characters of truth and conformity.'—*Swift.* 'Well said, bishop.'

"Vol. II. p. 669. *Burnet.* (Speaking of the progress of his own life.) 'The pleasures of sense I did soon nauseate.'—*Swift.* 'Not so soon with the wine of some elections.'

PRIMITIVE MONUMENTS.

Account of a Gallic Monument at Essé, in the Department of Ille-et-Vilaine. By M. Mazois. Paris 1822.

[Translation from the *Révue Encyclopédique*.]

The past has ancient secrets, the nature of which we are condemned unceasingly to guess, but never wholly to develop. Primitive monuments, for example, open a vast field for research, for conjecture, and for the spirit of system. Without pretending to explain the cause of their striking similitude in all countries, I will content myself with a brief notice of the traditions and facts respecting them, preparatory to a description of one of the most curious specimens of those monuments which France possesses.

Primitive monuments have all been consecrated to religious creeds and acts. They bear the character of simplicity which infant societies and religion impress at their origin on every thing connected with them. A few stones, either naturally rising above the soil, or placed without art in solitary spots, in the depths of forests, or on the summits of hills, were the first altars. Very soon, sanctified by the veneration of the people, these altars became to them the emblems of the divinity. Such rustic monuments are found in every country in the world. The Arabs, and the other nations of the East, represented their gods by rough unhewn stones. It was even considered sacrifice by the Persians to give them the human form.

The Greeks themselves, who were so well acquainted with the art of embellishing every thing, originally represented their divinities under the form of simple stones. In the time of Pausanias, there were still to be seen near Phœbia thirty blocks of stone, consecrated to the thirty gods who were the earliest objects of Grecian adoration. Even Love and the Graces had at first no other images. In the time of Titus, Venus was still, at Paphos, but a simple pyramidal stone.

Thus Greece, the country of the fine arts, presents us, even in the epoch of her splendour, with a great number of these primitive

* These rude monuments are called "primitive" which in every country preceded all works of art, and which, notwithstanding the diversity of their situation, and of the modes of worship to which they seem to have belonged, appear nevertheless to form but one family, or class,

monuments. We find that they were equally venerated by almost every other people. The Romans in the time of Numa entertained the same notions as the Persians, with regard to the manner of representing the deity. It was by them also deemed an impiety to impart to their gods a mortal shape; simple boundary stones were their images, and the name of Jupiter Tenuissimus is a proof of the existence of that ancient usage. Egypt was formerly covered with those sacred stones, the original type of which is still manifest in the Pyramids; those haughty and too silent depositories of Egyptian mythology, are only (so to speak) the ennobled descendants of primitive monuments. In fine, those symbolic stones are to be seen in the heart of Asia: Kempfer declares that at Japan they are even yet the objects of the veneration of the multitude.

If from these various people we pass to the Israelites, whose religious system is more closely connected with our own, we shall find among them the type of primitive monuments, and the tradition of the manner of their original institution. The Scriptures frequently speak of these sacred stones. Sometimes God says to Moses, "Set bounds about the mount, and sanctify it;" sometimes he orders an altar to be built to him with unhewn stones: "If thou wilt make me an altar of stone, thou shalt not build it of hewn stone, for if thou lift up thy tool upon it, thou hast polluted it; thou shalt raise an altar to the Eternal, thy God, of whole stones." In another place we find that the Jews were to hold in horror "those dull gods, the works of man, who have eyes and see not; who have mouths and speak not; and whom no breath animates. Cursed be the man that maketh any graven or molten image, which is an abomination to the Lord." Accordingly, Pompey did not find any image of the Deity in the Temple of Jerusalem.

I will not multiply these examples. I have said enough to show the resemblance and universality of these primitive monuments among all the nations of antiquity. I leave to others the task of seeking the causes of such homogeneity, and of following the traces of it in the ancient Celtic monuments that we have in France. Most of them have already been described. I will confine myself to speak of one hitherto little known, but which deserves to attract attention.

This monument is situated between the village of Essé and that of Marcillé, seven leagues south-east of Rennes, in Brittany. The authors who have mentioned it are in error as to its origin and destination, especially Ogée, who regards it as the tomb of a Roman general. The slightest glance is sufficient to convince any one that it is a work which cannot justly be attributed to a people advanced in the arts. The rustic shape, the rude appearance, and the clumsy proportions of this building, rank it in the series of primitive monuments so common in Brittany and in England.

The monument of Essé is raised on a little eminence in the middle of a ploughed field. It is composed of forty stones. The plan of it is a rectangular parallelogram, divided into two parts. The first apartment is thirteen feet six inches long, by eight feet four inches wide. It is ornamented with a *façade* formed by three hewn stones, two upright, and the third serving as the lintel. The entrance from this first division into the second is by an opening in the shape of a door. The second

apartment is forty-three feet two inches long, by eleven feet four inches wide at one end, and ten feet eight inches wide at the other. It is divided, lengthwise, on one only of its sides by three large flat stones, which serve as partitions, and form four cells. The circumference of the building is constructed of enormous and unhewn stones planted vertically, and a fourth part covered with masses of rock placed from the one side to the other, without cement, without clamps, but rendered immovable solid by their extraordinary weight. One of these stones is nineteen feet four inches long, six feet two inches thick, and eight feet four inches broad. The others are nearly of the same dimensions, which gives to the fabric a colossal and almost a supernatural appearance. Indeed the inhabitants of the neighbouring country call it "the Rock of the Fairies." It was the fairies, they say, who built it up, and who, from a quarry about a league distant, brought the stones on their heads, or in their aprons, while they kept spinning their flax! The Breton peasants tell much the same story about the primitive monuments which surround them. They give them generally the name of "Ty-ar-Gorrigé" (the House of the Fairies); and they pretend that their ancestors were accustomed, ages ago, to see troops of little black dwarfs dance round these wonderful rocks. The inhabitants of Essé and Marcillé state, that there was formerly in the inside of the monument a round stone, hollowed in the shape of a vessel for holy water, but that it was taken away, and carried to the Château de la Rigaudière, where it has been long in use as a drinking vessel for cattle. They add, that by the side of this stone there was a trough, which has disappeared, as well as three large chairs or seats of stone, which were in the cells.

I believe it would be useless to enter into any further details in order to give an exact knowledge of the monument of Essé. But I wish I had the power of painting the lively and profound impression which is experienced by every one who casts his eyes upon this extraordinary building. At the sight of those sacred rocks, which have so often perhaps been moistened with human blood, one is seized with a kind of terror. The mind is carried back to those melancholy ceremonies attendant on the religion of our ancestors, to those sanguinary festivals, at which, in the depth of forests, by the pale light of the moon, the druids, habited in white, sacrificed human victims to the god of battle.—to the terrible Esus; while, beyond the consecrated circle, a whole people armed, with their foreheads in the dust, awaited in silence the completion of the dreadful mysteries.

In speaking of the monument of Essé as of a temple, I advance a fact which appears to me to be demonstrably true. I have already observed that it is situated on the highest eminence of the country. Now it is well known that the stones consecrated to the gods, the first altars, the first temples, were generally erected on heights. In the ignorant ages, man, considering the number of mountains as the intermediate points between earth and heaven, believed that in elevating himself he approached the Deity; and, by a natural consequence, small eminences were, in countries little mountainous, the places chosen for the erection of religious monuments. Thus the Scriptures, which recommend that when in prayer the eyes should be turned towards the mountains, speak in a

hundred passages of the Mount of Adoration, of Mount Sion, and of the high places of the Gentiles, to which the Jews thronged to adore those strange gods, whom they were incessantly forbidding to worship, and to whose worship they invariably returned.

But if the structure and the position of the monument of Essé do not appear sufficient proofs to entitle it to be regarded as a temple, I appeal to the researches of the laborious author of the History of Britanny. He says that in the sixth century, the territory of Teil, of which Essé is a part, was covered by an immense forest, celebrated for a spot which was consecrated to the gods of the country. This sanctuary, placed on the respective limits of four Celtic nations, the Rhétones, the Nannettes, the Audes, and the Arvines, naturally became venerated by them in an especial manner; and it was with great difficulty that Saint Armel prevailed upon them to abandon the Temple of Teil. According to traditions worthy of respect, this remnant of superstition was even preserved down almost to our own time; for there is yet to be seen, in a field near the monument, the ruins of a chapel probably established after the abolition of paganism, in order to sanctify a place which had been so long held in veneration in the country. Before the Revolution, this chapel was the scene of the particular devotion of the pious inhabitants of the surrounding country. Several etymologies concur in the support of what I have advanced. The name of Marcillé, the neighbouring village to Essé, is purely Celtic;—*marc-ili*, miraculous temple, from *marc*, miracle, and *ili*, temple. As for the name of Essé, the place in which we have said the Rock of Fairies is situated, we believe it to be derived from the words *eus-soue*, which the inhabitants of the country pronounce *essé* (Essé), as they say *rhe* for *une roue*, that is for *souaite*. Now *eus-soue* signifies, verbatim, “terrible miracle,” or rather “miracle of Mars;” for *eus*, the name which the Latins gave to the Gallic Mars, is the Celtic word *eus*, latinized by the addition of the final *us*; and the word *eus* still signifies among the Britons “terror,” “horror.” Thus every thing induces the belief that the monument of Essé was a temple consecrated to the god Mars.

It is remarkable that the names of places in the vicinity of Essé, derived equally from the Celto-breton, afford a striking analogy in favour of these ideas. We have already said that Marcillé was in fact “the miraculous temple;” Essé, “the miracle of Mars.” We will now observe, that another village, similarly situated in the neighbourhood of Essé, is called Janzé; and that this word appears to be formed of two Celtic words, *yan-seiz*; *yan*, prophet, *seiz*, seven—the village of the seven prophets. It is not astonishing that these compounds, *eus-soue*, *marc-ili*, *yan-seiz*, are so far removed from their original pronunciation; on the contrary, the wonder is that they are not still more degenerated, when one reflects how long it is since the mixture of Normans in this part of the *Corrèze*, has caused the total disappearance of the Celtic language and accent.

To all the observations which I have just made on the Temple of Essé, (and which are applicable to the other monuments of the same kind, so very common in Britanny,) I will add a reflection calculated to throw a strong light on its remote antiquity. At the time when Cæsar penetrated into Gaul, he

found the inhabitants already advanced in civilization. They had some tincture of the arts; their towns were fortified and ornamented; their fleets were superior to those of the other nations bordering on the ocean; commerce had rendered them opulent and voluptuous. They were acquainted with social distinctions; their nobility displayed the luxury of a numerous retinue, and possessed country-houses decorated with taste; they had colleges in which the youth who were destined to assume the sacerdotal habit, received twenty years; in a word, they had at that time arrived at a state of civilization in which nations know how to impress upon their works a character that will in vain be sought for in the monument I have been describing. Nor do the simplicity, the rudeness, the nakedness of this temple, accord better with the religion of the Gauls at the period of which we are speaking. That religion was far removed from its primitive simplicity, and was involved in a body of doctrine much more complicated. Already, derogating from the ancient religious system of the Celtic nations, a symbolic mythology gave corporeal shapes to the Deity; and every thing, therefore, as far as the Gauls are concerned, leads us to believe that the origin of this monument, lost in the obscurity of time, goes back to the infancy of the various nations which were established in Gaul.

Prospectus of a View of London and the surrounding Country, taken with mathematical accuracy, from an Observatory purposely erected over the Cross of St. Paul's Cathedral; to be published in four Engravings. By Thomas Hornor.

If any proof were wanting of the aspiring ambition and elevated and extensive views of the present age, surely it would be supplied by the above Prospectus. Mr. Hornor states his object to be to give a full and accurate representation of the Metropolis and all the surrounding country from which the ball and cross of St. Paul's are visible. The preparatory sketches for the work had, it seems, for several years engaged a considerable portion of his attention, and they were completed during the summer of 1821, from an observatory purposely constructed on the top of the scaffolding then erected for the repair of the ball and cross. The work will be comprised in four Engravings: two, 40 in. by 25; the other two, 30 in. by 25.

They who, like ourselves, have experienced the difficulty, the toil, and even the danger of a single ascent merely into the ball of St. Paul's Cathedral, may form some idea of the enthusiasm and resolution which must have been required on the part of Mr. Hornor to induce him, every day for four months, not only to wind and climb those eternal staircases and ladders, but afterwards to scale a superinduced and slender scaffolding of stupendous height, and then cautiously to creep into his little fragile hut of observation, there to sit cowering, exposed to and rocking with the blast, from before sunrise until after sunset, with the constant conviction that his security from a frightful and inevitable death depended perhaps upon the stability of some wedge of six inches long, or upon the tenacity of some cord not thicker than his finger! In order to show that this is not an overcharged picture, we subjoin an extract from Mr. Hornor's description of a few of the circumstances attendant on his operations:

“On entering the cathedral at three in the

morning, the stillness which then prevailed in the streets of this populous city, contrasted with their mid-day bustle, was only surpassed by the more solemn and sepulchral stillness of the cathedral itself. But not less impressive was the development, at that early hour of the immense scene from its lofty summit, whence was frequently beheld ‘The Forest of London,’ without any indication of animated existence. It was interesting to mark the gradual symptoms of returning life, until the rising sun vivified the whole into activity, bustle and business. On one occasion the night was passed in the observatory, for the purpose of meeting the first glimpse of day; but the cold was so intense, as to preclude any wish to repeat the experiment.

“In proceeding with the work, every assistance was readily afforded by the gentlemen connected with the cathedral; and through their kind attention, all possible precautions were taken for the prevention of accidents to be apprehended in such an exposed situation. But the weather was frequently so boisterous during the stormy summer of 1821, as to frustrate the most judicious contrivances for security. Indeed scarcely a day passed without derangement of some part of the scaffolding, or machinery connected with it; and so strong became the sense of danger arising from these repeated casualties, that notwithstanding the powerful inducement of increased remuneration, it was difficult on these emergencies to obtain the services of efficient workmen. This will not appear surprising, when it is known that during high winds, it was impossible for a person to stand on the scaffolding without clinging for support to the frame-work; the creaking and whistling of the timbers at such times resembled those of a ship labouring in a storm, and the situation of the artist was not unlike that of a mariner at the mast-head. During a squall more than usually severe, a great part of the circular frame-work of heavy planks, erected above the gallery for the prevention of accidents, was carried over the house-top to a considerable distance. At this moment a similar fate had nearly befallen the observatory, which was torn from its fastenings, turned partly over the edge of the platform, and its various contents thrown into utter confusion. The fury of the wind rendered the door impassable; and after a short interval of suspense, an outlet was obtained by forcing a passage on the opposite side.* By this misfortune, independently of personal inconvenience, considerable delay and expense were occasioned ere the work could be resumed; and it became necessary to provide against similar misfortunes, by securing the observatory to a cross-beam, and constructing a rope-fence. Thus fortified, the work was proceeded in without any other accidents of a nature worthy to be noticed, until all the sketches which could be taken from the observatory were completed.”

We have been favoured with a sight of some of the outlines, which are curiously multifarious and minute. They were drawn with

* An accident somewhat more perilous befel Mr. Gwynn, when occupied in measuring the top of the dome, for a section of the Cathedral. While intent on his work, his foot slipped, and he slid down the convex surface of the dome, until his descent was fortunately obstructed by a small projecting piece of the lead. He thus remained until released from the danger which threatened him, by one of his assistants, who providentially discovered his awful situation.

mathematical accuracy, by means of an ingenious apparatus of Mr. Horner's own invention. In the progress of the undertaking, considerable difficulty arose from the changes of weather, by which portions of the vast scene were suddenly obscured, and other portions as suddenly illuminated; and from the nicety required in the adjustment of the sheets of drawing-paper (two hundred and eighty in number) over which the outlines extended. These and other obstacles to success were, however, happily surmounted. It appears to us that Mr. Horner will now have to exercise his taste and ability in reconciling two antagonist claims. If his Engravings should be very detailed, general effect must be in a great measure sacrificed; if, on the contrary, general effect should be much attended to, it can only be by the occasional abandonment of particulars. Really, Mr. Horner is placed in this respect in an arduous and delicate a situation as our ministers are with regard to France and Spain. But we have as much confidence in him as we have in them; and entertain no doubt that both parties will acquit themselves with honour.

The Harmonicon, an Assemblage of Vocal and Instrumental Music. Original and Selected. No. I. January 1823. 4to. W. Pinnock, Simpkin & Marshall, &c.

The objects of this work appear to be to combine literature and music; to mark the defects of composers in setting words to music, their neglect of sense, and ignorance of prosody; and to furnish an efficient Musical Review. Also to print good music only, at a moderate price; and to introduce works not familiar to this country, amongst others of a popular nature. To give Scottish and other national airs with appropriate accompaniments; and, lastly, as far as we can ascertain, to import German airs, wholly unknown in England, and fit them with English words by competent poets.

Such, we gather, is the design of this novel publication, of which we have here an attractive specimen.

The first Number contains a song of Bramham—more distinguished for expression and taste than originality; but the latter is not altogether wanting. It has farther a beautiful Scottish melody, with a new and studied accompaniment. A charming German air by Haydn, with some lines of the celebrated Earl of Essex adapted to it: This has all Haydn's peculiar style marked in every bar. A piece by Weber is from a new Opera in German. This artist is becoming a popular composer, and the Opera is considered as his chef-d'œuvre. His music seems to possess a good deal of original character.

There are short literary notices to each piece, which are historical and interesting; and prove an earnest wish to raise Music in the estimation of the literary world.

Upon the whole, considering the quantity of matter, the ability displayed, the usefulness of the plan, and the cheapness of the publication, we would strongly recommend it to public notice.

Le Palais de Scaurus. The Palace of Scaurus, or a Description of a Roman house. 2d edit. Paris 1822. 1 vol. 8vo.

We published three years ago an analysis of this work, not less remarkable for the extent of the researches in which the author had engaged, than for the skill which he exhibited in disguising under the charms of his

narrative the dryness of details purely technical. This edition appears to differ little from the first, as regards the text. A few corrections, and some new features in the plates, are the only alterations which strike us. It would have been easy for the author to attach to the scenes which he has sketched, those episodes which must on every side have presented themselves to his memory and his imagination; but he has had the good sense to confine himself to his subject; and, as he himself observes, to digress no further than was requisite to avoid the monotony of a dry and protracted description. The twelve additional plates render this second edition much preferable to the first. That which represents the divisions of the Palace of Scaurus was necessary in order to facilitate the comprehension of the text by persons ignorant of the science of ancient architecture. The views of the Prothyrum, the Atrium, the Peristyle, and the Trichinium of a house at Pompeii, contribute to the same object, and are likewise charming works of art, uniting beauty of execution with purity of style. Plates, representing a sacrifice to the goddess Fornax; the atelier of a painter; a studious man, sitting, and reading a manuscript; the plan of the house of Pausa at Pompeii, and of the Venerem, the Sacrament, and the baths of Scaurus, complete this work, which will render the world acquainted not only with the habitations, but with the customs and manners, of the Romans at the period at which they were ripe for slavery.

The Author of Junius discovered in the person of the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield. 8vo. pp. 124. The Claims of Sir Philip Francis Refuted; with a Supplement to Junius Discovered. 8vo. pp. 79. Longman & Co.

THESE two pamphlets seem to be the production of a clever mind, and emanate from some one who is himself at any rate deeply imbued with the idea of the correctness of his opinion on this intricate subject, and self-satisfied with his discovery. We still, however, doubt whether he may be permitted to carry out Eureka! and must say, that much stronger proof must be brought before we could feel ourselves warranted in ascribing these celebrated Letters to the hand of Lord Chesterfield.

The author draws some inferences of identity from a comparison of the dates of the Letters of Junius, and those from the Earl to his son, and seems to think they afford strong grounds for presuming him to be the author. He states that in one or two instances Junius writes, "I have been some time in the country, which has prevented your hearing from me sooner," &c.; and at these times he proves Lord Chesterfield had left Town, and was at Blackheath, the proximity of which to London renders the argument very weak; especially as we find no such excuse in a variety of other Letters which bear the date of London, when those of Lord C. of the same period are from Bath. The greater part, however, of the former Pamphlet is taken up with comparisons and coincidences of style and expressions. Here we think the author has been so minute as to render his argument nugatory. Every little similarity of words that can be traced is copied, though the style appears to us to differ most widely. The author says, "Such a comparison is certainly most expedient; for while it affords an opportunity to trace the resemblance in the

composition, it removes any doubt we may have of its affinity when we find the sentiments not only the same, but often expressed in the very words and phrases familiar to both." This would be very well if the quotations were from passages of consequence, and such as accident was not likely to have produced; but what inference can be drawn from the following, which we select at random from a crowd of similar specimens:

"Junius.—It is for him to consider whether the idea of a defeat be not always attended with some loss of reputation.—*Private Letter, No. 65, Vol. I. p. 270.*

"Chesterfield.—There is always a degree of ridicule that attends a disappointment.—*Letter 313, Vol. IV. - - -*

"Junius.—*Au reste, I see no use in fighting this question in the newspaper, nor have I time.*—*Private Letter 79, Vol. I. p. 330.*

"Chesterfield.—*Au reste, I do not see that his affairs are much mended by this victory.*—*Letter 290, Vol. IV. - - -*

"Junius.—For a short time his submission to Lord Chatham was unlimited; he could not answer private letter without Lord Chatham's permission. I presume he was then learning his trade, for he soon set up for himself.—*Miscellaneous Letter 48, Vol. III. p. 167. - - -*

"Chesterfield.—Your apprenticeship is near out, and you are soon to set up for yourself.—*Letter 193, Vol. III. - - -*

"Junius.—Now, Mr. Woodfall, I shall make but one reflection, and that I shall borrow from Sir John Brute, 'This may be a very good answer for aught I know at cross purposes, but it is a damned whimsical one to a people in our circumstances.'—*Miscellaneous Letter 58, Vol. III. p. 212.*

"Chesterfield.—A man of honour may abuse and starve his own wife, daughter, and sisters; and he may seduce those of other men, particularly his friends, with inviolate honour, because, as Sir John Brute very justly observes, 'he wears a sword.'—*The World, No. 49. - - -*

"Junius.—I am well assured that Junius will never descend to a dispute with such a writer as Modestus, especially as the dispute must be chiefly about words.—*Letter 29, Vol. II. p. 28.*

"Chesterfield.—I hope too that your attention is not only employed upon words, but upon the sense and meaning of those words, that is, that when you read, or get any thing by heart, you observe the thoughts and reflections of the author, as well as his words.—*Letter 24, Vol. I.*

The longer passages quoted in the Work appear to differ essentially in style, so much so as to afford a strong argument against the deduction for which the writer contends. In the second Pamphlet some portion of time is dedicated to invalidate the claims which have been made by the partisans of Sir Philip Francis to ascribe to his pen these maligned Epistles; and perhaps it is a much easier task to find objections against the identity of any public character with Junius, than to build a new superstructure without leaving room for similar observations. Some of the author's statements certainly tend to throw considerable doubt on the Baronet's claims; but who can tell if the real writer, to render detection less possible, has not intentionally at times thrown his observers on a false scent. The idea, of Lord George Sackville having combined with Sir Philip in the composition of these Letters, is not noticed; and though we think these Pamph-

lets will be classed with the others that have from time to time appeared, and which are useful in putting the question in every point of view that can be afforded, still we are far from being convinced by the arguments or reasoning which they contain that Lord Chesheld was the writer of Junius.

[*Literature.*—A considerable proportion of our most recent publications are of a character almost entirely literary. We are however prevented from reviewing them promptly by several considerations: 1st, their intrinsic interest, which it requires mature consideration to develop fairly; 2d, the expediency of not filling any particular Number of the *Literary Gazette* with too much matter of one description; and, lastly, the pressure of other works and productions of science and art claiming their share of attention. Thus we can, at present, only mention to our readers, that, among other meritorious volumes which have appeared within the last fortnight, we have on our table Dr. Murray's learned History of European Languages, Dunlop's History of Roman Literature, an excellent translation of Bouterwek's highly esteemed History of Spanish and Portuguese Literature, and several of minor importance, to all of which we shall pay due regard as speedily as possible.]

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

DR. ROGER commenced, last Tuesday, a new course of Lectures on Comparative Physiology, at the Royal Institution. He observed that this science, or the study of the phenomena of life, differs from all the other branches of philosophical inquiry, by its involving the consideration of the *final*, as well as the *physical causes* of these phenomena; and that a new principle of arrangement was thus introduced, which is scarcely ever applicable in the sciences relating to the properties of inert and inorganic matter. The phenomena of living beings do not admit of being explained simply by the operation of the laws of mechanism or of chemistry; but they imply the agency of principles distinct from those which govern the inorganic world, and bearing the strongest evidence of design and of adaptation to particular purposes. Thus the principal object of Physiology being the study of the functions of life, this science opens a rich and inexhaustible field of inquiry, abounding with objects of the highest interest, and involving the most important concerns of humanity. It discloses the most sublime views of the magnificent plans of the creation, and of that transcendent power and intelligence that can pursue, to its remotest terminations, the immeasurable chain of causes and effects, which are instrumental in the accomplishment of its benevolent purposes.

As in the preceding course Dr. ROGER had considered each function separately, he now proposes to examine the several combinations of functions, as they are found to exist in each class of animals. By way of introduction to this view of the subject, he proceeded to take a general and comprehensive survey of the system of the Animal Economy, so as to present, as on a map, a view of the bearings and relations of each object. He conceived that a more thorough insight will be obtained into the designs of nature, if, in following her footsteps, we at the same time endeavour to anticipate her designs in the formation of the several organs composing the animal frame. Supposing ourselves, therefore, called upon to combine the materials of the body, so as to answer the various purposes of animal existence, let us ask ourselves how we should

proceed? The being to be formed must have two essential attributes, that of perception, and that of voluntary motion. The means furnished us for the solution of this problem exist in the properties of the medullary substance of the brain, the actions of which are accompanied by corresponding affections of the sentient principle. We are to devise means then for establishing communications between external objects and the brain, so that the impressions these objects make on several parts of the body shall be immediately conveyed to the brain. These conductors of impressions are the nerves; and the agency employed for this purpose, and which, in as far as respects the velocity of its action, is somewhat analogous to electricity, is the nervous power. Nerves must be extended to all the parts to be rendered sensible, and more especially to the skin, since it is of the greatest consequence that objects in contact with the surface of the body should be instantly perceived. Other nerves, again, having structures adapted to the kinds of impression they are designed to convey, must be formed to receive the actions of light,—of the undulations of the surrounding medium,—of odoriferous effluvia,—and of the chemical qualities of liquids, in organs specially formed for directing these impressions on the expanded extremities of the respective nerves, which thus become the vehicles of actions, conveyed to the brain, giving rise to the perceptions of vision, of sound, of smell, and of taste.

To these faculties of perception must be added that of voluntary motion. The brain is again the organ of volition, as of sensation; and the change in the brain, which follows the mental act of volition, must be transmitted to the organs of motion. This is effected by a particular set of nerves originating in the brain, and distributed to the muscles. The remarkable property inherent in the muscular fibres, of contracting with prodigious force, is the power to be employed for this purpose. As in a manufactory where the force of steam is the prime mover of the whole of its machinery, so in the animal system is the muscular power resorted to on every occasion where mechanical force is required. The objects of the movements of animals must evidently be very various; but the power of laying hold of objects, of giving them different impulses, and that of transferring the body from one place to another, may be regarded as some of the most general of these objects. In order to effect them, the agency of inflexible levers, capable of sustaining the weight of the trunk, and of furnishing fixed points of attachment to the muscles, must be employed. Such is the office of the bones, the assemblage of which composes the skeleton, or solid frame-work of the machine. Dr. ROGER then explained the principal mechanical expedients that were to be resorted to in order to facilitate motion, to economise power, and to suit the convenience of other functions requiring particular forms of structure. In this part of the Lecture, the uses of ligaments in forming the joints, and the advantages of tendons in regulating, directing, and combining the force of the muscular fibres, were particularly specified.

Dr. ROGER next proceeded to give a general view of the functions of nutrition. The body of an animal, he observed, however skilfully constructed in point of mechanism, would still contain within itself the principle of dissolution. The various actions that take

place in every organ tend to destroy both that refined mechanical structure and that peculiar chemical composition, which are necessary to enable them to carry on their respective functions in the animal economy. Fresh materials, derived from external sources, are wanted in order to repair the derangements in their organization, to recruit their exhausted powers, and to extend their dimensions during the period of growth. For these purposes the nutritive functions must be called into play. Food must be taken into the body, and must be converted, by a long series of operations, into a substance assimilated in its qualities to the substance of the different parts of the body. It must be masticated in the mouth, digested in the stomach, converted into chyle in the intestines, absorbed by the lacteals, and conveyed by the thoracic duct into the general reservoir of circulating fluids. By a second system of organs, consisting of the heart, the arteries, and the veins, the nutritious fluid, which has now assumed the form of blood, is distributed to every part of the body, and its circulation is completed by the unemployed portion being brought back to the heart. But the blood thus returned is necessarily surcharged with carburetted matter, which remains after its other principles have been employed in nutrition, and which imparts to it a dark purple hue. In this state it requires to be purified by contact with the atmospheric air in the lungs. During respiration this noxious matter is made to combine with oxygen, and is exhaled in the form of carbonic acid gas. Dr. ROGER entered into a description of all these processes, which he illustrated by drawings, exhibiting the relative situation of the organs subservient to these functions.

He next adverted to the mechanical conditions that are requisite for the proper conformation and arrangement of all these organs. He pointed out the general plan on which their structure is modelled, and described the animal material out of which they are formed, its modifications of fibrous, of cellular, and of membranous textures, and the additions of calcareous matter it receives in the harder substances of shell and bone. And lastly, he explained the manner in which the movements of the vital organs are connected together, and rendered independent of the will, by means of a particular set of nerves, having no direct communication with the seat of volition or sensation, and composing what are termed, the gauglionic and sympathetic systems. These nerves secure the individuality of the whole, and preserve the harmony of all its actions.

LITERATURE.

THE LATE KING'S LIBRARY.

THIS Royal Gift was mentioned in Parliament last Monday by Lord John Russell and Mr. Secretary Peel: the cheers of the House expressed the popular sentiment on the subject, and the grateful feeling of the literary world. The ultimate destination is not yet decided; the Trustees of the British Museum having no place for the reception of so numerous a collection. We are informed that the Question submitted to them on this point has been answered by a Report now under the consideration of His Majesty, in which they state, that with their existing accommodations, they have no room for the proper disposal of the literary treasure presented by the King to the Nation. In erecting the new

structure for the Museum, however, provision could readily be made for its fitting reception. Should His Majesty approve of this suggestion, it may be presumed that an application will come to Parliament for a Grant to carry on the building.

We observe, in some of the Newspapers, loud outcries against the Museum for the sale of duplicate copies of works which had been presented or bequeathed to the Institution. But this clamour is utterly unfounded—the Museum never having sold any books but such as it had purchased. The Cracherode, Musgrave, and other donations, remain whole and untouched, as the Royal Library would certainly do. Common sense dictates the sale of those publications formerly *bought* by the Establishment, which this or any other new acquisition render duplicate; the price thereof being applied to public uses and benefit.

OXFORD, Feb. 8.—On Monday, Jan. 27, the following Degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—R. Bracken, Fellow of Queen's College, on Mr. Michel's Foundation; H. A. Pye, Rev. Roger Bird, Demies of Magdalen College.

On Saturday, Feb. 1, the following Degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. F. Lee, Chaplain of Magdalen College; Rev. F. Vincent, Brasenose Coll.

Bachelors of Arts.—G. Sale Prior, Queen's Coll.; R. Pole, Balliol Coll.; R. Biscoe, R. L. Benson, W. H. Twemlow, W. Macbean, J. Lupton, Christ Church; T. Williams, Oriel College.

In a Convocation on Tuesday, Feb. 4, the proposal to contribute the sum of two hundred pounds from the University Chest, in aid of the establishment of a College in the Principality of Wales, under the immediate patronage and direction of the Lord Bishop of St. David's, was approved.

FINE ARTS.

ON Monday, Mr. R. R. Reinagle was elected a Member of the Royal Academy, in the room of the late Mr. Farington.

Welsh Scenery, from Drawings by Captain Batty, of the Grenadier Guards, F.R.S. 4to. London 1822. John Murray.

These gems, exquisitely drawn, and most skilfully engraved by E. Finden, are such masterpieces of art, that nothing can convey an idea of their merits but ocular inspection. We never saw more beauty confined within so narrow a space,—for the size is only about four inches by three!—and therefore feel that no description of ours can do them justice. We must be contented with telling not how they are done, but simply what they are. The 1st View is *Chepstow*, from the cliff opposite the town; the 2d is *Elangollen*, that lovely valley; the 3d is *Conway Castle*, nobly and romantically given from the wood fronting the south side; the 4th is *Abergavenny Castle*, in picturesque ruins; and the last, a delicious upright *View of Wrexham*, with its fine Gothic church and characteristic figures in the foreground. The letter-press is very concise, and in a single page devoted to each Plate, contains the history of the objects represented. Nothing can exceed the elegance and interest of this small publication, which is honourable alike to the taste of Captain Batty and to the sister efforts of the pencil and graver. It must delight the lovers of Art throughout the Principality.

The British Press. London 1823. Rodwell & Martin.

This is another work of art highly honourable to British talent, and peculiarly interesting to naturalists and sportsmen, as well as to amateurs and collectors. We have the first four Numbers * under cognizance, and are exceedingly pleased both with the design and the execution. Each Number presents four Prints of animal life, with appropriate backgrounds from nature by S. Howitt. We have Fallow-Deer, the Heron, Partridge, Woodcock, Sheldrake, Ptarigan, Ruff and Reeve, Fox, Wood-Grouse, Bustard, Coot and Moorhen, Rabbit, Snipe, Black-Grouse, Curlew, Bittern, in all the truth of reality, etched in a bold and free style, and exhibiting admirable specimens of the game usually shot and hunted in Great Britain. There are no descriptions; none are wanted, for these pictures speak for themselves. As productions of the burin, we need only say that they are suitably and excellently engraved; and do credit to a branch of Art which has for some years been rapidly advancing to perfection in this country.

* To be completed in nine.

REMARKABLE FOREIGNERS.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

SIR,—The very interesting remarks inserted in the *Gazette* of Saturday week respecting the Foreigners I have had the pleasure of introducing to the notice of the Royal Academy of Arts, induces me to trouble you with a few observations in addition. The exhibition of their forms has been of momentous service to the progress of high art in England.

Although contrary to the records of history, and to the evidence of the eyes of those who have best studied the fine works of antiquity, it has been asserted by many persons, that the Greeks could only have obtained that accurate knowledge of anatomy, displayed in their statues, by dissection, and consequently have strongly recommended artists to enter deeply into that process, with all its disgusting details. Again, anatomists, and some artists of celebrity, have said that many of the markings in the antique figures were purely imaginary; the opinion of the first arising from not seeing corresponding markings in the dissected subject, that of the others, from not having seen the same on those living figures they had been in the habit of studying. Hence they have often pronounced the antique figures not to be those unerring guides they were before considered, and have recommended young artists to look more to dissection, and to the living model such as they could get, by which they were in danger of falling into meagreness, and all the meanness of common nature, instead of the grandeur of the generic form of Man, which is so admirably displayed in the works of the ancients.

There are, I believe, no accounts of the dissection of the human body until after the time of Galen; and even if there were, we might rely on the evidence of our own eyes, in contemplating the statues of antiquity, that they were copied from living nature. The delicacy of the anatomical markings and gentle undulating lines could only have been learned from those beautiful living models with which Greece, from the nature of its institutions, * at that time abounded. The

muscles have nothing of the harshness of the dissected subject, but are delightfully blended with each other, as, in fact, they are seen through the skin and cellular membrane in well-developed figures.

The sight of these interesting Foreigners has confirmed my own opinion, and has established beyond a doubt, that the assertions and opinions to which I before alluded, are founded in error and from a confined view of the subject.

When I first discovered the beauty of form and symmetry of proportion which the practice of the Grecian gymnastic exercises had given to M. Clas, I assembled at my house some of the first artists and surgeons in the kingdom to enjoy the sight, and whose united opinion agreed with mine. I also engaged him to go through a course of exhibitions for the benefit of my pupils, who thus had an opportunity of studying from him and comparing him with the antique.

The form of M. Clas is by far the most perfect of the three, or indeed of any who have ever been exhibited in England. In him we discover all those markings which we see in the antique figures, of the correctness of which there had been expressed such doubts, because they could not be seen in the dissected subject, as they are caused by the cellular membrane, and which did not appear on the living models, from their bodies not being sufficiently developed by a regular system of scientific exercises, such as M. Clas has practised from the example of the Greeks. It was highly gratifying for me to hear those who had maintained a contrary opinion, declare the change which had taken place in their minds, from this ocular demonstration of the correctness of the eye and execution of the ancients.

The form of M. Roussel, whom I afterwards exhibited at my house, and who was introduced to me by my friend Mr. Bond, partakes greatly of the character of the Hercules Farnese, and which a celebrated sculptor said he had never thought true to nature until he saw M. Roussel.

The upper part of the figure of M. Debrayat, with whom I met by accident, is the form of Zeus himself. It would be difficult to imagine anything more grand.

Thus it has been my good fortune to introduce to my brother artists' admiration living examples of three characters of Greek sculpture—beautiful simple Nature, Heroic, and Divine. I have the honour to remain, Sir,

Feb. 4, 1823. Yours sincerely,
Charlotte-st. Bloomsbury. HENRY SASS.

P.S.—As artists are men of retired habits, I should not like to appear as seeking publicity by addressing the public Journals, therefore you can make what use of this you think proper; although if you wish to quote the authority, I can have no objection, being known as the author of these observations.*

* Our Correspondent's remarks could not, in our opinion, be given so satisfactorily in any other mode; and we have therefore exercised our discretionary power in publishing his letter as we received it.—*Ed.*

M. Thomas, a very clever artist, who has resided a long time in Italy, is publishing an *An à Rome et dans ses environs*—a collection of beautiful lithographies, intended to represent the usages, ceremonies, and costumes of the modern Romans. An explanation accompanies each plate, and the work is got up at Paris in a very superior style.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

BALLADS.

I.—THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

There's a white stone placed upon yonder tomb,
Beneath is a Soldier lying:

The death-wound came amid sword and plume,
When banner and ball were flying.

Yet now he sleeps, the turf on his breast,
By wet wild flowers surrounded;

The church shadow falls o'er his place of rest,
Where the steps of his childhood bounded.

There were tears that fell from manly eyes,
There was woman's gentler weeping;
And the wailing of age and infant cries,
O'er the grave where he lies sleeping.

He had left his home in his spirit's pride,
With his father's sword and blessing;
He stood with the valiant side by side,
His country's wrongs redressing.

He came again, in the light of his fame,
When the red campaign was over:
One heart that in secret had kept his name,
Was claimed by the Soldier lover.

But the cloud of strife came upon the sky,
He left his sweet home for battle;
And his young child's lisp for the loud war-cry;
And the cannon's long death rattle.

He came again,—but an altered man:
The path of the grave was before him,
And the smile that he wore was cold and wan,
For the shadow of death hung o'er him.

He spoke of victory,—spoke of cheer—
These are words that are vainly spoken
To the childless mother or orphan's ear,
Or the widow whose heart is broken.

A helmet and sword are engraved on the stone,
Half hidden by yonder willow;
There he sleeps, whose death in battle was won,
But who died on his own home pillow?

II. SONG OF THE HUNTER'S BRIDE.

Another day—another day,

And yet he comes not nigh;
I look amid the dim blue hills,

Yet nothing meets mine eye.

I hear the rush of mountain-streams
Upon the echoes borne;

I hear the singing of the birds,

But not my hunter's horn.

The eagle soars in darkness past,

The watchful chamois bounds;

But what I look for comes not near,—

My ULRIC's hawk and hounds.

Three times I thus have watched the snow

Grew crimson with the stain

The setting sun threw o'er the rock,

And I have watched in vain.

I love to see the graceful bow

Across his shoulder slung,

I love to see the golden horn

Beside his baldric hung.

I love his dark hounds, and I love

His falcon's sweeping flight;

I love to see his manly cheek

With mountain-colours bright.

I've waited patiently, but now

Would that the chase were o'er;

Well may he love the hunter's toil,

But he should love me more.

Why stays he thus?—he would be here

If his love equalled mine;

Methinks had I one fond caged dove,

I would not let it pine.

But, hark! what are those ringing steps
That up the valley come?
I see his hounds,—I see himself,—
My ULRIC, welcome home!

III. THE CRUSADER.

He is come from the land of the sword and shrine,
From the sainted battles of Palestine;
The snow-plumes wave o'er his victor crest,
Like a glory the red cross hangs at his breast.
His courser is black as black can be,
Save the brow star white as the foam of the sea,
And he wears a scarf of broderie rare,
The last love gift of his lady fair:
It bore for device a cross and a dove, —love!"
And the words "I am vowed to my God and my
He comes not back the same that he went,
For his sword has been tried, and his strength has
been spent;
His golden hair has a deeper brown,
And his brow has caught a darker frown,
And his lip hath lost its boyish red,
And the shade of the south o'er his cheek is spread;
But stately his step, and his bearing high,
And wild the light of his fiery eye;
And proud in the lists were the maiden bright
Who might claim the Knight of the Cross for her
knight.

But he rides for the home he has pined to see
In the court, in the camp, in captivity.

He reached the castle,—the gate was thrown
Open and wide, but he stood there alone;
He entered the door,—his own step was all
That echoed within the deserted hall;
He stood on the roof of the ancient tower,
And for banner there waved one pale wall-flower;
And for sound of the trumpet and sound of the horn,
Came the scream of the owl on the night windborne;
And the turrets were falling, the vassals were flown,
And the bat ruled the halls he had thought his own.
His heart throbbed high: oh, never again
Might he sooth with sweet thoughts his spirit's pain,
He never might think on his boyish years
Till his eyes grew dim with those sweet warm tears
Whick hope and memory shed when they meet.
The grave of his kindred was at his feet:
He stood alone, the last of his race,
With the cold wide world for his dwelling-place.
The home of his fathers gone to decay,—
All but their memory was pass'd away;
No one to welcome, no one to share
The laurel he no more was proud to wear:
He came in the pride of his war success
But to weep over very desolation.

They pointed him to a barren plain [slain;
Where his father, his brothers, his kinsmen were
They showed him the lowly grave, where slept
The maiden whose scarf he so truly had kept;
But they could not show him one living thing
To which his withered heart could cling. —

Amid the warriors of Palestine
Is one, the first in the battle-line;
It is not for glory he seeks the field,
For a blasted tree is upon his shield,
And the motto he bears, is "I fight for a grave;"
He found it—that Warrior has died with the brave!

L. E. L.

TO L. E. L.*

'Tis sweet, e'en to a wither'd heart,
To hear the sounds that once were dear;
When bliss and hope alike depart,
Their echo soothes the lonely ear.

* It is something like self-praise to admit into our columns any thing complimentary to what has appeared in them; but the many tributes we receive to the genius addressed in these lines will escape this censure, when we acknowledge them as due to a young and a female minstrel, and expressive of feelings very generally excited by her beautiful productions.

'Tis sweet to listen to the wife
That cheats us with what ne'er can be;
'Tis sweet to smile when others smile;
'Tis sweeter far to weep with thee.

Thy song can call back to my mind
Remembrances too fondly cherish'd,
Thoughts that will linger still behind,
Tho' all my hopes and fears have perish'd.
And when thy strain is o'er, I feel
As if some 'witching dream had vanish'd,
And long in waking yet to steal
The gleam of joy that truth has banish'd.

Oh! strike again thy plaintive lyre,
Awake once more those woes of woe;
My tears have been like streams of fire,
But sweetly to thy verse they flow.

Long may the sorrows of thy song
Be to thy gullest heart unknown;
And whilst thou melt thy readers' hearts,
May ev'ry bliss reign in thine own! —W. L. R.
29 January 1823.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Sir,—The genuineness of the following effusion you may rely upon; it was written by the Nephew of the person lamented, and submitted by him to the *taste in poetry* of a gentleman, from whose brother I received it some years since. I think it too good to be kept any longer from that public praise which will certainly follow its publication.

AN ODE (ELEJACK !!)

[Copied verbatim.]

Tired of life when his affairs went bad,
With apathetic indifference armed,
As well as with a blunderbus he had
Intended to keep the house from being alarmed,
But which, alas the day, his wasted self
Made him employ against himself!

Shooting himself, poor Mr. W. died—
And all his family, beside

His bed

Where he lay dead,
Lamented much the blowing off his head.

Now let Philosophic care
As much as it can their loss repair,
Whilst his hapless friends, most sympathetic, cry
"Alas that by a blunderbus this gentleman should

Let no muse the Tail relate
How he came by his fate,
The Muses and the Graces

And Apollo and Mercury turn their faces,
And not a god
But thinks it odd

That by a blunderbus this Gentleman should die.

Sad is the woe which swells the bursting Hart
Of which these lines can only express a part;

Therefore, since it is in vain

Of the past to complain,

And Mr. W. again

Shall never rise to adorn the grove
Or enjoy his wife's surviving Love,

Let his fate be a Becket

To those who are apt to reckon

But little upon his superintending providence above.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, Feb. 5, 1823.

Sir Walter Scott and M. D'Arlincourt have inspired sundry authors here, and Romances are the order of the day. First of all we have *Flax d'Islande*—a title strikingly romantic; and the names of all the persons who figure in the story are not only *oulandish*, but cruelly difficult for French throats and Parisian tongues. It must have cost the writer much pains to christen all his heroes

by the unheard-of names which fill his pages. This Romance, forming four volumes, is only remarkable for its absurdity and its contemptible pretension to imitate the productions of Sir Walter Scott.

La fille de Jusmari is the title of another Romance, in two volumes, presented to the Parisian public, and a poor present it is. The scene is laid in the island of Corsica; and the author affects to describe the manners and customs of the inhabitants in the 17th century. This description, however, is only a collection of improbabilities and crimes. Brigands, caverns, assassins, precipices, a female seduced, throwing her child into an abyss, &c. &c. Voilà! the contents of this instructive story.

A third Romance has appeared under the title of *La Vallée de Saarneen*. This little work excites attention for several reasons:—1st, It is dedicated to MM. Bonton and Duguere, the artists who have painted the Diorama. 2d, The valley of Saarneen is the subject of one of the magic paintings which all the world has admired. 3d, The Romance, of which the scene is laid in this delicious valley, is interesting, natural, and well written. 4th, There is a curious mystification about the authorship;—it is published under the initials Madame S. D.; but the real author is M. Eugène de Lamerière. When I say the real author, perhaps I say too much; for it is asserted that M. Lamerière, who, without any talents, is anxious to have a name in the literary world, has bought, at a very high price, this little piece of M. Charles Nodier, author of *Sem Sogar*, &c. &c. At all events, as M. Lamerière has paid for the Valley of Saarneen, it is his.

Nothing in Paris has had equal success with the Diorama, and that success is justly merited. The illusion produced by the excellence of the paintings, and their disposition and arrangement, is inconceivable. You probably know that the Company which has purchased the two pictures now exhibiting here, and which is building a place for their exhibition in London, has contracted with the artists, MM. Bonton and Duguere, to take all they produce for the next five years after the close of their exhibition in Paris. After this parenthesis I must conclude my account of Romances, by informing you that Peveril Pic is more read than Ipsibœuf and all our French Romances put together. It is thought equal to any of Sir Walter's former productions. In every house I have visited to-day I have found Peveril Pic on the table. The translation is remarkably good, and even elegant.

On Sunday last, Hamlet was performed at the Théâtre Français, by request of the élèves of the Collèges de Paris. Talma never played his part so well, and Madlle. Duchesnois surpassed herself. The enthusiasm of the audience was unbounded. The lines, "Le peuple est agité; Des périls de la guerre il est épouvanté," were applauded repeatedly, and for ten minutes the performance was suspended by the display of popular feeling. At the close of the brilliant representation, garlands and crowns were thrown on the Stage, with inscriptions—"La jeunesse Française aux Roccias Français!"—"La jeunesse Française à Madlle. Duchesnois!"

I mentioned to you that the success of *Vulcan* had occasioned several imitations. At the Vaudeville they have brought out the *Deux Aveugles*. Sir Edwin, a young Scotch officer, was pledged to Jenny Clares; but having

been separated during several years, and having lost his sight, he retires from the world, and shuts himself up in an old castle, always faithful in his affection to his lost Jenny. Jenny preserves, in equal freshness, her love for Edwin, and places herself near his person in the character of a young peasant, and pretends to be blind:

Que sorte sort semble le même.

Quand ils souffrent, paraître heureux,
C'est affliger ceux que l'on aime.

In the meantime a surgeon, named Palmer, desperately in love with Jenny, finds out her retreat, and unexpectedly arrives. Jenny promises him her hand, on the condition of his restoring Edwin's sight. In fact, Palmer persuades Edwin to submit to the operation of the cataract, and it succeeds; but Palmer, not satisfied with having restored the sight to his rival, returns Jenny her promise, and she marries her faithful Edwin.

The first tragedy brought out at the Théâtre Français is *Ervin*, or the *Maire du Palais*, by M. Ancelot, author of *Louis IX.*

Next week they are to give at the same House a new Comedy, *L'homme aux scrupules*.

Blonde, a famous échec player, known in all the cafés, is just dead. The last time he was at the café, which was the ordinary theatre of his exploits, he gained four games of twenty sous each. The amateur felt in his pocket for the money to pay his debt, and suddenly exclaimed, "Ah! Monsieur, je vous demande pardon, j'ai changé de culottes ce matin, et j'y ai laissé ma bourse."—*Parbleu, Monsieur, (replied Blonde,) il est bien malheureux pour moi qui n'ai qu'une chemise, que vous ayez deux culottes.*"

INCREASING POPULATION OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 1823.

FROM the official statement published by the Synod (which however includes only the members of the Russian Greek church) it appears that in the year 1820, there were in the whole empire,

Births	{ Males	- - -	827,723	
	{ Females	- - -	742,670	Total 1,570,399
Deaths	{ Males	- - -	497,683	
	{ Females	- - -	449,997	Total 917,680

Excess of Births 652,719

The births were 48,265 more than in the year 1819; yet notwithstanding the increase of population, the deaths were 1429 fewer than in 1819.

The deaths of male children under five years of age were 243,020; being above one half of the whole.

Among the males who died in the same year, (the ages of the females are not stated,) 897 had attained an age of above 100 years.

391	- - -	- - -	105	
143	- - -	- - -	110	
78	- - -	- - -	115	
41	- - -	- - -	120	
14	- - -	- - -	125	
7	- - -	- - -	130	
4	- - -	- - -	135	
1	- - -	- - -	between 140 and 145	

The greatest number of those who attained the age of above ninety years, in proportion to the population, was in the governments of Tambov, Kaluga, and Kasan; the fewest in Archangel, Voronezh, and the Ukraine. In the governments of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Archangel, and Mohilev, no person attained the age of a hundred years. It is to be observed, that if we except the ten first years of infancy, the greatest mortality takes place between the ages of sixty and sixty-five; for in this period the deaths of the male sex were

17,460, that is, the 27th part of the whole.

The marriages were 317,805, being 22,479 fewer than in 1819. In St. Petersburg, in 1821, the number of births was 8504; including, however, the Catholic, Lutheran, and other communities; the number of deaths was 9706.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—On Monday, Mr. Kean, performed Lear with the tragical conclusion of Shakespeare restored, instead of the mutilated tragic-comedy of more modern times. Of this alteration we would under any circumstances cordially approve; but we the more approve of it in the present instance, as it afforded the performer an opportunity of making the most powerful effects which he produced in the whole play. Kean's Lear, though not his best part, has some of his greatest touches, and his theatrical talent is as apparent in it as even in his Othello or Richard II. We feel that he has not mind to grapple with the whole of this transcendently natural and pathetic character, and that there is a coarse thread running through the entire texture of his representation of it; but there are several such masterly and redeeming passages, it is impossible to see and hear them without admiration of the irregular genius by which they are conceived, and the affecting truth with which they are executed. Mrs. West was a very sweet Cordelia; Mr. Cooper a very poor Edgar. Of the inferior parts, Terry, Powell, Younge, and Mrs. Glover, were the only praiseworthy supporters: their Kent, Gloster, Edmund, and Goneril, were respectively all that could be desired.

On Tuesday, Miss Stephens made her first appearance here as Lucy Bertram in *Guy Mannering*. She was received with loud plaudits, which however did not seem to warm her into exertion, for she was throughout the piece unusually cold and languid. Perhaps she did not feel at home on the new stage, for which she has deserted her first friends and warm allies through all her preceding public life. Yet Liston was also there to countenance her, and played Domitie Sampson at every point in the rich colouring with which he exaggerates the part and renders it so ludicrously amusing, while it is as far from just portraiture as extravagance is from reality, caricature from likeness, or art from nature. Braham, in Henry Bertram, gave not only the songs belonging to the drama, but sundry introductions, in his own ornate and surpassing style; with which style, en passant, no one ever finds fault, unless it be when heard in imitators, who fail, as they all do, to approach the finish of their delightful prototype. Miss Povey, with much sauciness, acquitted herself charmingly in the airs allotted to Julia. A Mr. Sherwin, from York, made a very successful debut as Dandie Dinmont, and promises to be a valuable comic acquisition to these boards. Dirk Hatterek, by Mr. Younge, was also a commendable performance: the rest were leather and prunella.

COVENT GARDEN.—A new Tragedy, *The Foscari*, by Miss Mitford, was announced at this theatre, but seems to have retired from the bills. Another tragedy, patronized by Mr. Milman, has, also, we hear, been under consideration; but whether "to die or not to die" is still the question. Nigel has run his race, and the plays of the week have been Henry VIII., Maid Marian, and the School

for Scandal. The Newspapers mention (we suppose on adequate authority, considering the importance of the news,) that Miss Tree and Miss Paton have consented to accommodate their rival jealousies and perform together.* The bickerings and clashing contentions behind the scenes, which defeat the public of its just claims, seem continually to grow into a greater evil. The abilities and cultivation requisite for the highest walks in the drama, unquestionably give to those who possess the former, and have, by severe labour, attained the latter, a right to guard against their fair rank being compromised, or their reputation hurt by theatrical arrangements; but even these few should remember that their chief duty is to the Public—a truism which, we are sorry to remark, has seldom its proper weight on these occasions. But when we descend in the scale, and find every petty songstress, dancer, and mimic, insisting upon their own arrogant pretensions, defrauding audiences of their due entertainment from combination of talent, and considering nothing but their own selfish, egotistical, and, we will add, impudent ambition, the offence becomes intolerable, and demands the severe visitation of the Press, leading, as it would do, to that resentment on the part of the public, which would effectually punish the fault and remedy the grievance. We beg to be understood as aiming these observations at no individual or individuals, nor at any particular Theatre. The mention of Misses Tree and Paton certainly brought on the subject, but we know nothing of their rivalry, except by that common liar, common report, which represented the former as very difficult to please, and the latter as more accommodating. Speaking hypothetically, we will add our opinion, that were both (or any other performers) equally to blame for refusing to contribute, as they ought, freely and cordially, to the popular pleasure, they should be taught, by being hissed from the stage, that "Together let us range the Fields" was more than a mere song.

* Since writing this, we see in the bills that these syrens have agreed to sing in Co. to-night.

VARIETIES.

The remarkable phenomenon of a fall of snow in Jamaica, occurred at Annotto Bay, on the 15th December. The flakes fell to within a few feet of the earth, where they recoiled a little upwards from the heat of its evaporation, and dissolved into liquid drops.

Many birds have been seen along the eastern coast during the late severe weather, which visit us only at remote periods. Large flocks of the Snow-bunting have frequented the salt marshes near Southwold and Aldborough, birds whose habitation in mountainous countries approaches the region of perpetual snow, and whose appearance so far South was a sure indication of hard weather. Numbers of wild swans, barnacle geese, velvet ducks, sea pheasants, and other scarce birds, have been shot on the same coast. A stork alighted on one of the lakes in Heveningham Park; and on the 24th ult., a specimen of that very rare bird, the grosbeak or hawfinch (*Loxia Coccothraustes*, Lin.) was taken at Bramfield (7 in. long, 12 wide, and 1½ oz. weight,) driven there probably in its passage from Sweden to France or Spain, by the late NE. gales.—*Provincial Journal*.

Irish Language.—A Correspondent assures us that a Native of Morocco, who accompanied Joseph Lancaster into Ireland, found much of the vernacular dialect intelligible to him. The Welsh was likewise so, but in a less degree.

Mr. Montgomery, the poet (we observe from the *Sheffield Mercury*), is to open the new Philosophical Society of that place with a Lecture on Friday next.

Life of the late Dr. Jenner.—We have authority from the relatives and trustees of the late Dr. Jenner, to state, that in conformity with his wishes they have applied to Dr. Baron, of Gloucester, to write the account of his life, and to arrange for publication the numerous manuscripts of that distinguished character; and that all the documents in possession of the family are to be committed to Doctor Baron's care. From that gentleman, therefore, the public may expect an authentic work, as speedily as his professional avocations will allow him to prepare for the press, the ample and interesting materials with which he is to be furnished, together with those which he himself accumulated during a long and confidential intercourse with Dr. Jenner and many of his most intimate friends.

Barry Cornwall's forthcoming volume, which we understand is likely to appear about the beginning of March, will consist of the following poems:—The Flood of Thessaly, being the Pagan account of the great Deluge; The Girl of Provence, a melancholy tale, founded on facts; The Letter of Boccaccio, addressed to his mistress, and involving some particulars of the early life of the famous novelist; and (we believe) The Fall of Saturn, a vision, in irregular verse; The Genealogists, a Chinese tale, in the Beppo stanza; and also minor poems.

A Romance from the pen of the author of "Calthorpe," "The Lollards," &c. is among the forthcoming novelties. It is stated to be an historical tale, accompanied by descriptions of London at a period somewhat posterior to that which it was the object of his last work to portray. The title, though the first thing read, is generally the last part of a book which is written, and in the present instance has not yet been determined upon.

A reprint, by subscription, of scarce and curious tracts, relating to the county and city of Gloucester, illustrative of the Civil War, has been announced by Messrs. C. & R. Baldwin, London; and Messrs. Washburn, Gloucester. If well executed, it must be an interesting work.

We are assured that the MS. four or five additional Cantos of *Don Juan*, by Lord Byron, are absolutely in London, in the hands of Mr. Douglas Kinnaird, seeking a publisher.

A company of Parisian Savans have commenced a *Dictionnaire Classique d'Histoire Naturelle*. The two volumes that have appeared are very well spoken of: they are adorned with coloured plates. M. Bory St. Vincent is the principal editor.

Genuine Anecdote.—A short time since, a respectable Medical Practitioner, not a hundred miles from Ludlow, was called up in the night by a labouring man, residing at a few miles distance, to attend his wife, who was in childbed. Mr. W., who had often attended under similar circumstances without obtaining any remuneration, asked the man who was to pay him. The countryman answered, that he possessed five pounds, which, kill or

cure, should be his reward. Mr. W. consequently paid every attention to the poor woman, who notwithstanding died under his hands. Soon after her death, Mr. W. met the widower at Ludlow, and observed that he had an account against him. The man appeared to be greatly surprised, and inquired for what? On being informed, he replied, "I don't think I owe you any thing;—did you cure my wife?"—"No, certainly, (said the accoucheur,) it was not in the power of medicine to cure her."—"Did you kill her, then?" said the countryman. "No I did not," was the reply. "Why then, (said the countryman,) as you did not either kill or cure, you are not entitled to the reward," and walked away.

Literary Intelligence.—The author of the Cavalier, &c. has a Novel in the press, entitled *The King of the Peak*.—A gentleman long known to the literary world is engaged on the Lives of Corregio and Parmigiano.—Major Long's Exploratory Travels to the Rocky Mountains of America will appear before the expiration of the month;—as will the Third volume of the Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay, illustrated by Plates.—Mr. Bird, author of the "Vale of Slaughden," &c. has a volume in the press, entitled "Poetical Memoirs."—We also understand that a poem entitled "The Judgment of Hubert" is about to make its appearance.

INDEX OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST:

- To the Decisions of the Court of Sessions, 4to. 21. 19s.—Wilkins' Exposition of the Gospel, 8vo. 7s.—The Parent's Latin Grammar, by the Author of the Student's Manual, &c. 18mo. 2s. 6d. bis.—Companion to Datto, 4to. sewed, 2s.—Crabbe's Technological Dictionary, 2 vols. 4to. 5l. 8s.—The Hermit of Dumpton Cave, foolscap 8vo. 4s. 6d.—World in Miniature (Krasus) 4 vols. 18mo. 1l. 12s.—Letters on Miniature Painting, 12mo. 7s.—A Mother's Portrait, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—The Siege of Lathom House, 8vo. 3s.—Palmer's Tables of Costs, new edit. 2s.—Ireland Exhibited, by A. Atkinson, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. 26s.—Hansard's Parliament Debates, vol. viii. new series, 1l. 11s. 6d.—Public Characters of all Nations, 3 vols. royal 18mo. 2f. 2s.—Gill Blas, in Italian, by Petronius, 2d edit. 5 vols. 18mo. 5s.—Lives of the Scottish Poets, 3 vols. 18mo. 18s.—Valpurga, by the Author of Frankenstein, 3 vols. 12mo. 21s.—Highways and By-ways, or Tales of the Road-Side, 8vo. 13s.—Omond, a Novel, 3 vols. 12mo. 2d edit. 21s.—Soper's Thoughts on the Medical Profession, 8vo. 5s. 6d.—And several political pamphlets.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

	Thermometer.	Banometer.
Thursday ...	6 from 29 to 31	29·52 to 29·42
Friday	7 from 29 to 41	29·39 to 29·11
Saturday ...	8 from 29 to 38	29·30 to 29·47
Sunday ...	9 from 32 to 43	29·50 to 29·60
Monday ...	10 from 35 to 44	29·40 to 29·29
Tuesday ...	11 from 33 to 40	29·40 to 29·35
Wednesday	12 from 35 to 46	29·41 to 29·29

Prevailing winds East and SW.—Sunshine and showers alternately.—Rain fallen 11s. and 12s.

JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank L. for the translation of the Greek Song, but as its sense was rendered in English in a former Gazette, we cannot allow space for another, though a poetical version.

T. P. "On Health" is consigned to *The Refuse*, with the exception of his concluding lines, the originality of which entitle them to a place here.

"Happy, thrice blessed men, are they
Who do partake of this first worldly treasure,
Far above the riches, power, and honour
Of the sickly man, who, like a snail,
Crawls through a loathsome life,
And at the end dissolves in slime."

Double X needed not to apologize for the delay of his communication, for we assure him that the proverb "Better late than never" might properly be reversed in his case—even Better never than late.

Observations on the oratory of Lord Erskine does not fall within our plan.

Erotism.—In the address of His Majesty's Letters in our last, for "Lord of" read "Earl of Liverpool."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

NEW LITERARY INSTITUTION.

York Hotel, New Bridge-street,

Feb. 12, 1823.

AT a MEETING of GENTLEMEN held here this day, for the purpose of forming a NEW LITERARY INSTITUTION, to be situated in or near New Bridge-street.—It was Resolved,

That the Friends of Science, Literature, and the Arts, be respectively solicited to assist in the formation of this Society, and to attend a General Meeting, which will be held at the above place, on Monday the 17th Instant, at One o'clock precisely.

JASPER JENNINGS, Hon. Sec.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Hanover-square, London, Sth Feb. 1823.

THE Subscribers to this Institution are respectfully informed, the Elections for Tea Boys and Ten Girls, to be placed on the foundation of this Academy, will take place at this House on Saturday the 8th of March next. The Ballot to commence at Twelve, and close at Four o'clock precisely.—Lists of the Candidates, with Instructions as to the Form of voting, will be sent to every Subscriber as early as possible. Subscribers will have the power of voting by proxy.—New Subscribers will be allowed to vote, provided their subscriptions be paid before the close of the poll.—By Order of the Committee,

J. WEBSTER.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PAUL HALL.

THE Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of Modern Artists, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening. (By Order)

JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

Admission 1s.—Catalogues 1s.

The Subscribers to the Print from Mr. West's Picture of "Our Saviour Healing the Sick in the Temple," who have not already received their impressions, may receive them, upon payment of the remainder of their Subscriptions, at the British Institution daily.

THE ENGLEFIELD VASES.—Sir Henry

Englefield's celebrated Collection of Grecian Antiquities, a Series of Engravings most beautifully drawn and engraved by Henry Moses, in his best style, 41 in number, with description to each plate, Imperial 8vo. 11. 12s.—A few copies of proofs, in 4 vols. 3s.; and India proofs, 5l. 5s.—Sold by Priestley and Wenne, No. 3, High-street, Bloomsbury.

Of whom may be had (just published):

A Catalogue of Books on the Arts and general Literature, price 2s. 6d.

WAPETI and REIN-DEER. Mr. Bullock respectfully informs the Public, that the gigantic Wapeti with their Young, fallen in England, and a pair of Reis-Deer with their Young, are exhibited for a short time at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

Lithographic Portrait of George IV.

A very highly finished and correct

LIKENESS of the KING, drawn on Stone by A. AGLIO, Esq.—This Print, by Aglio, and printed and published by John Boosey & Co. is, we think, the best specimen of Lithographic Portraits that has yet appeared in England. At first sight it struck us as if some other process had been adopted, in order to improve the style—but, upon more close inspection, we are convinced that the whole is brought from the stone. His Majesty is represented in the Robes, &c. of the Garter. The head is well placed and the likeness excellent.—*Literary Gazette*, 27th January

Printed by John Boosey & Co. at their Lithographic Printing Office, 319, Strand; and published at their Repository, 1, Wellington-street, Waterloo Bridge.

A CATALOGUE of BOOKS, now on Sale, at the Prices affixed (comprehending, among others, the Library of the late Professor Ogilvie, of King's College,) by Alexander Brown & Co. Aberdeen.

The full value given for Libraries or Parcels of Books, in Money, or Exchange.

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JOURNAL OF THE BELLES LETTRES.

111

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